

# Trinity

beyond imagination

year 7, volume 6 | students' annual magazine



GAME REVIEW



TRINITY

INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE



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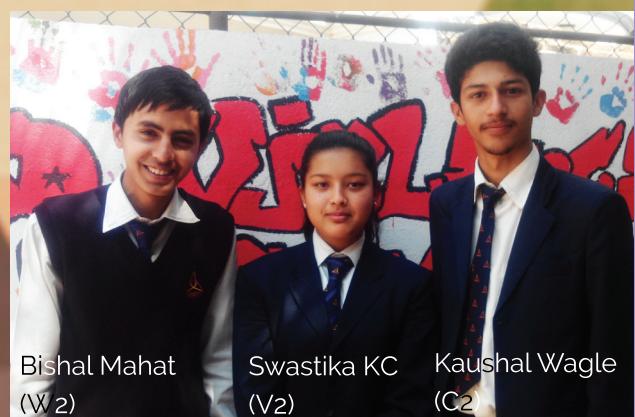


The Infinity Team

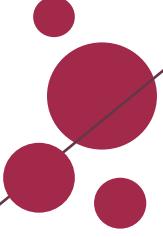
The publication of Infinity Magazine itself is a journey that embarks the efforts of few individuals working as a team struggling to meet deadlines and giving their best in a small span of time. Working as members of the Infinity has undoubtedly given us precious experiences and a chance to exploit our skills. But this compilation of expressions and ideas of trinitians would not be possible without the contributions made by **Mr. Balkrishna Sharma, Mr. Laxman Bhatta, Mr. Govinda Khanal, Mr. Ambir Thapa** and our friends **Amul Chhetry (A2-A)** and **Karuna Regmi (N2)**



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"Words strain, crack and sometimes break,  
Under the burden, under the tension,  
Slip, slide, perish, decay with imprecision,  
Will not stay in place, will not stay still"- T. S. Elliot

Words empower, words moralize and moreover words victimize. However, words when covet in other artistries, words come alive and we've got what we've observed in ourselves. Not only the words but this yearly epilogue of us has ingredients of thoughts, summation of righteousness and imagination of impeccability. The artistic formula embedded by us has put ourselves forth against all the odds confronting our ways which has profoundly and lustrosly rendered our transformative years at Trinity.

Time works wonders- as the old saying articulates, we passionately present you with the sixth edition of the Infinity. The magazine like all other it's five predecessors have been able to over the real artistic feature and perseverance of the Trinitians in the patterns of the most premium culture of the college.

Genuinely, what's in store for this year's edition is an empowering figure of dedication and determination of the whole family and especially the Magazine Crew. We've brought up this variation with its variant and vibrant features which was never witnessed before. The contents as forever is packed with the most promising articles but we've put forth the idea of covering a story realized by ourselves for which we can revitalize our time towards it. What lies inside the social media have to be brought up invigoratingly in the real life and use our times not only dwelling but dealing with it. This idea has been a prominent prologue to our daily tasks. Furthermore, we've tried to reach to the imaginative thoughts of our writers and have extracted the best possible illustrations to clarify the codec of the words. The most delightful enthusiasm that we've been longing to was to give these printed pages a reformative and leading digital gateway and we've been highly successful in craving it. Though vindications are unassailable, we've reached our farthest efforts to minimize them and produce a recap to the whole handsome year and the times ahead at Trinity.

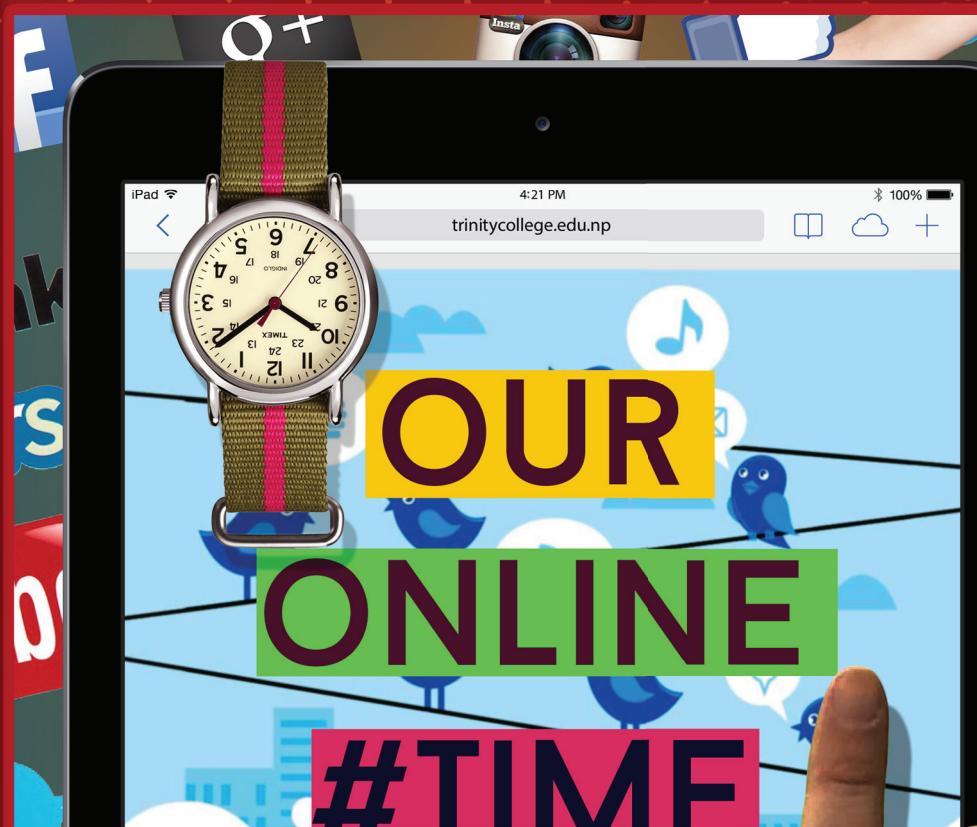
We trust our juniors too would hold their nerves and step up into the rightful path of transformation and regeneration with sensationalizing and escalating promises.

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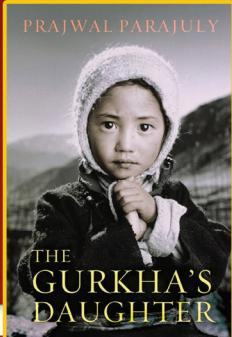
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# I NEED A DAY'S LEAVE

*...and I am instructed to write an application...*

MM-DD-YY

06-17-2015 (0.56 earth rev |  $1.36 \times 10^{10}$  earth rev)

OBSERVABLE UNIVERSE

VIRGO SUPERCLUSTER

LOCAL GROUP

MILKY WAY GALAXY (SPIRAL|DISC SHAPED)

SOLARSYSTEM (STAR NAMED SUN|YELLOW MEDIUM SIZED|8 PLANETS SYSTEM)

1 PLANET: 1 MOON SYSTEM (GOLDILOCKS ZONE | HABITABLE ZONE)

PLANET EARTH |BLUE|ROCKY

SOUTH ASIA

INDIAN SUB CONTINENT

NEPAL

TRINITY INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE, DILLIBAZAR HEIGHT 44605, KATHMANDU

TO THE COORDINATOR,

SUBJECT: A DAY LEAVE

RESPECTED SIR,

MOST UNIVERSELY AND WITH A UNIFORM PACE OF WRITING, ASSUMING THE UNIVERSE IS STATIC FOR A VERY SMALL FRACTION OF TIME I WANT TO INFORM YOU THAT I WON'T BE ABLE TO ATTEND MY REGULAR CLASSES ON THIS DAY DUE TO A COSMIC MOTION PICTURE FESTIVAL NEAR TITAN.

I HOPE YOU WILL RECEIVE MY APPLICATION ON TIME, IF TIME WON'T BE DI- ALATED BY ANY MASSIVE STRUCTURES UNDER CONSTRUCTION, AND UNDER- STAND THE COMPLEXITY AND THE GRAVITY OF THE SITUATION AND GRANT ME LEAVE.

YOURS APPARENTLY,

RAHUL SHRESTHA (A2-A)

\*All names and places are according to the local earth dictionary any misunderstanding maybe due to the redshift of the data sent as a electromagnetic wave.

# Chance, Earthly Bodies and Alien Invasion

“CHANCE IS THE REASON BEHIND YOUR EXISTENCE”

Chance- the God. I'm stunned to behold the folks not believing in chance or luck. I'm sure; they're unfamiliar to learn the fact that 'the Chance is the reason behind your existence'- which I consider. It's the Godly thing that is letting you read this article sitting at your desk or you reading lying on your bed and even you reading it with one eye onto the teacher and the other into my mind through my words inside your bench. Chance is my God. Your presence in this very Earth is just an outcome of a series of persistent chances. Chance has favoured you, right from the time of Big Bang to the fragmentation of our Sun and to the persistence of the sperm from which your embryo got born, out of millions of others.

The chance brought the humankind as well as the planet- Earth in this Universe. The Universe is a deep silent like hell thing with its own kingly realm full of stuffs outthinking us. It has its own operators and the destructors. It has its own paradise and owns the hell as well Earth, Sun, black hole, comets- it has it all. Wandering its area can be worthy and full of fun. Ironically, the technologies we've got at this very moment do not let us do so. No, not even to wander a tiny part of space out there.

I agree to the fact- my fellas insist that there's no another Earth in this Universe. However, I keep on insisting that there are infinite "Earthly Bodies" at the same place. Imperfections in the technology make me do so. The finding of Earthly bodies can be possible only if we invent star ships capable of moving at the speed comparable to that of light. But these things we've got in this very time are too slow and forbid us for seeing Earthly bodies. Till the boundary of Universe is found confined- which is near to impossible, it is stupidity and ignorance to call the Universe with no Earthly bodies. And, so I witness Earthly bodies in front of my eyes very near, every time.

A fact proving my notion is a 'Wow' signal received in the USA a long time back in the 20th century. It was supposed to be sent from an Alien planet. Most probably, it might have taken thousands of years for the signal to reach to us. And evidently at the time when

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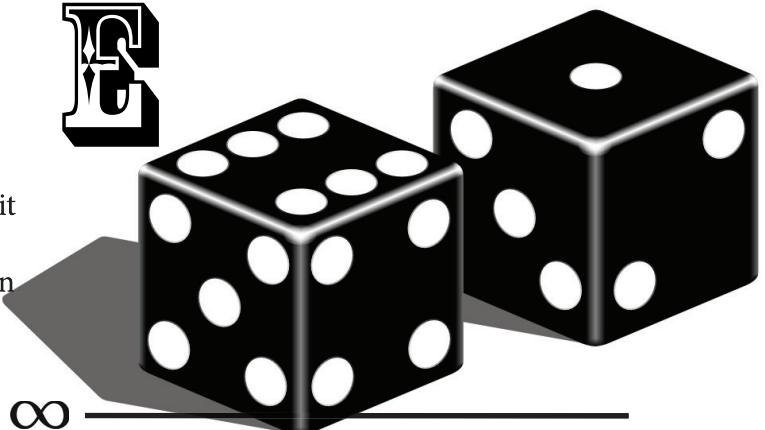
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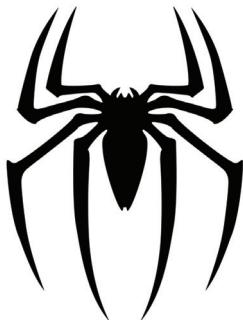
they sent us the signal, our ancestors were residing in caves, wandering around their 'P's. If so, can we imagine where they've reached in this very time? A serious question to be noted! And I suppose the chance had favoured them pretty earlier than us, which lifted them to such height.

And so if we keep on acclaiming our achievements till date with our 'W's rested and stricken by laziness and puzzled in domestic disputes and wasting time in warfare to show the 'greatness', we are sure to receive the signal from them first. That would of course point the backwardness of humankind on Earth and an ominous situation ahead. Our achievements would go in vain and our so called 'greatness' would be on the line. It is because they would be more developed than us and would probably enslave us exploiting our resources, we have to be well aware of this fact, rise above the chaos, propelling in the direction of technologies (which must be revolutionary) and make our achievements worth something. The competition is going on every second.

KISHOR SUBEDI (N2)



# COUNTER PARTS OF RESPONSIBILITY



‘With great power  
comes great  
Responsibility’

It's a promising social act where the two people meet, fall in love and suc-

ceeds to share their life living together. Life would be easier and peaceful if there was no such thing as marriage. But let's not forget we need someone to hold our back during bad times and of course we need someone who could be our cane if we aren't able to walk properly during our 60's.

I really think marriage is biased regarding the part of role we stand for either being a bride or bridegroom. It's more difficult for women who have to give more sacrifices; has to leave her home and should live in husband's home considering their real home for the rest of their lives and should even change their surnames. When these spouses turn into parents; its mothers who have to give a full stop in their careers in order to stay and look after how their little ones grow up? And become a full time house manager. I can't imagine keeping myself in place of my mother. From early morning to late night she even doesn't have time to get a life of her own. I see my father; he wakes up at 5:30 AM, goes for a walk and comes home at 7:00 AM, drinks tea and about 9:00 AM, Mom calls for lunch. Meanwhile, my mom wakes up at 5 in morning, prepares tea and wakes all three of us (me, my brother and my sister), goes for a walk and about 6 she returns and starts preparing lunch. In the same time she manages to iron my clothes and clean the house. Why every time a woman has to work harder than man? But you might say that nowadays men are also involved in domestic works. I bet in 85% of families, a mother has to supervise all the household works from husband's business to children's study; it's the mother who has to be part of it.

Let us not forget the added responsibility that nature has given to women. She has blessed them with the capability of bearing babies. By letting a small foetus to develop into a baby in their womb for

9 months, finally the baby takes birth to the world. As the baby gets born, he/she is given the surname of his/her father. Why is it so? The mothers are born in one family then why should they be responsible to take other family's generation ahead?

Four years ago my sister got married and she has two daughters now. I have seen how my sister does her work. She and her husband both are bankers and both of them have equal responsibility in jobs, they are employed. During the weekends, her husband sleeps till late in the morning while in the mean time she wakes up early and washes all the clothes of the whole week, clean the house. My sister is one who is surrounded by her daughters all the time and she becomes busy taking care of them on holidays. She also deserves a quieter and peaceful time like her husband who passes his weekends by reading newspaper or doing nothing.

Marriages in our society are more biased but for woman belonging to any society have more responsibilities than her husband. My mom always says “Every era is same for a woman.” We call our Earth as MOTHER EARTH maybe because this strongest rock floating in the space is being able to



hold all our responsibilities and make environment suitable to live like our mothers do. Then we females are the strongest ones but of course not in terms of muscular power

but in terms of giving love equally to everyone in a family. We are the strongest one maybe that is why we have the added responsibilities than men.

SUSMITA SAPKOTA

IMPOSSIBLE  
NEPAL

## 2100 AD

BHANU DEVKOTA  
(M1)

*“10, 9, 8, 7...3, 2, 1 and bang off...*

Unleashed with loud thundering sound, the 20th rocket launch of Nepal has turned out to be a grand success. Within one minute, as I speak here, the 'Mission N-20' has travelled more than 1.8 million km. After approximately four light years, it will land on 'UNQUIX-53' in Andromeda Galaxy, the planet that was discovered by a group of versatile Nepalese astronomers about five days ago" correspondent from NTV, Ujwal Devkota reporting along with 50 camera auto-bots from Dolpa.

It's me Mahesh Burma from NTV studio for short headlines. American President Alexan-

Cook was received by an LDO (Local Development Officer) in 'TRIMOD International Airport' in Darchula. He has been granted a short appointment by Nepalese Chancellor Om Prakash Devkota at 5:00 PM. The American press is found to be giving it un-





necessary media coverage. Recently, Nepal has donated Rs.1000 billion (Re.1 = \$135) for budget deficit rescue in the USA.

NMD (Nepal Military Department) has created more than 100000 auto-bots (Automated Military Robots) for security in China and India, regarding their

upcoming election. Now, let's turn our attention to technology and business news. Each Nepali citizen has achieved an economy status to hire a handheld tiny computer for every family member. Within 2125 A.D., 25 years from now, a research team including 5000 senior biologist has said that they will be able to invent a neuron chip which if planted in a new born

would prime the baby to learn all the knowledge

human beings know till today.

For more news about Nepal and the rest of the world, log on to our Universal Wide Web ([www.trititanepal.org.np](http://www.trititanepal.org.np))

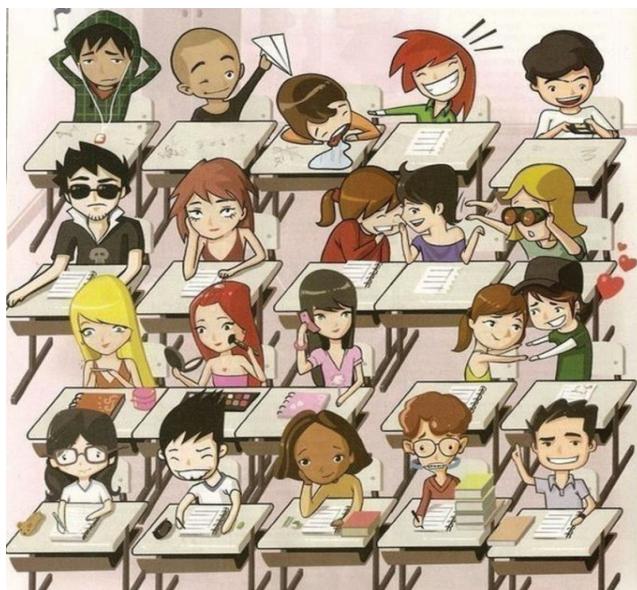
Bye for now. Have a safe day.

Namaste!



## MANUFACTURING NOISE

Noise occurs in all states. It occurs more abundantly in the classroom and 'No Noise' zones. It can also occur in school assembly, play grounds and canteen. Noise can be generated in many ways. Some of the mandatory ways of preparing noise are as follows:



### 1 LAST BENCHERS

The chiefs of noise are the last benchers. Usually if two highly talkative students get to sit in last bench, noise occurs. More noise can be obtained if both of the talkative students have sharp and loud voice.

### 2 CLASS AFTER WEEKENDS

This is one of the most effective process of noise production. After weekends, students sharing their holiday experiences help in the making of noise. A newly released movie in the weekend acts as catalyst and helps to increase the development of sound by two times.

### 3 TEACHER WRITING ON BOARD

This is one of the most common way of noise production. Teacher writing on board is directly proportional to the amplitude of the noise. The longer the teacher writes on the board more the noise is said to be generated. Most pure form of noise is

produced when teacher is doing a complicated sum or drawing a hectic diagram on board which students don't need to copy.

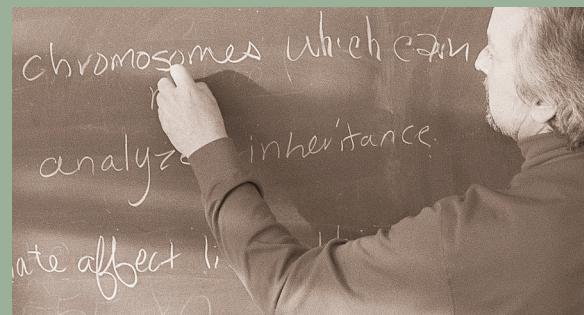
### 4 BEST FRIENDS

The typical best friend forever 'BFF' are the traditional ores of noise. If they are kept together, they whisper producing 50% of noise. Similarly, if these best friends are kept separately in class they shout to communicate with each other making sure that the produced noise is 100% pure.



### PROPERTIES OF AN IDEAL NOISE

1. Noise must be annoying to listeners and enjoyable to participants.
2. An ideal noise must disturb other classes nearby.
3. Noise should cause a simultaneous scolding by discipline in charges.



### USES OF NOISE

1. Noise is highly used by students to disturb teachers.
2. Noise is often used at seminars to show as if you are seriously discussing.
3. Noise is widely used in classroom to inform whole school that you have a leisure class.

AASMA SAPKOTA (R2)

Some time in life all of us have to face a difficult, rather mad professor. It may happen in school or college that you end up in a class with a real difficult professor, or maybe if he or she is not that difficult, you may still have found a place in his bad books.

# Dealing With a Difficult Professor

' Given below are few tips for you to deal with such a situation '

## 1. Be punctual, regular

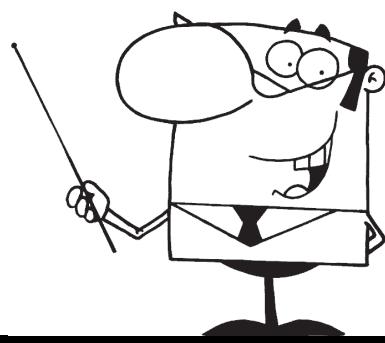
Being punctual can land a good impression over your teacher and it's a good habit to cultivate nevertheless. So, just try to be at your class early and also return in time after the breaks. Also, keep a watch on your attendance and do not miss your classes unless it is very essential.

## 2. Be positive

With a positive attitude, you will try to mend the wrong things by taking initiatives, whereas if it is negative you might not even care about the whole thing. So just get your attitude right first.

## 3. Listen carefully

Listen to your professor carefully in the class. This



" identify your professor's personality, you can make strategies..."

ABISHEK YADAV (F1)

will not only add up to your knowledge bank but also help your professor realize that you are a keen student. When you listen in the class, you will not fall out at the guidelines of your professor in relation with academics, home work or general class behavior.

## Submit assignment in time

4. Do your home work and assignment in time. Nothing will irritate your professor more than the fact that you didn't care to do the work they assigned you. For this, firstly you need to listen well in the class, so that you do not miss on the work hard and complete the assignment in the current manner as per the guidelines of your professor. And last, make sure you submit it on time.

## Ask questions

5. If you are listening in the class and you have doubts, then feel free to ask them to your professor, however mean they are. There are professors who actual-

ly feel their ego boosted when a student asks them a question and they answer it in the most appropriate manner according to them.

## 6. Deal as per personality

There are various types of professors, the theoretician, the youngster, the lazy or the hater. Once you identify your professor's personality, you can make strategies to deal accordingly.

## 7. Do not argue

DO NOT get into an argument with your teacher, how so ever correct you are. No professor likes or appreciates a verbal fight. You are in for low marks and he may have complaint against you to the director, if you do so. Even if your professor is in bad mood and is insulting you for no reason, keep your calm and dignity.



# can DRUGS IMPROVE YOUR MUSICIANSHIP

*"The greatest artists say there is more to the story than just the usual chorus of accusation "*

FOR decades, musicians have used drugs while performing live, writing songs and composing music. They have appreciated the drug-high time as one of the best time of recreation, creativity and confidence. We don't know if it's true, but we surely know many great names of music industry that once used drug on their music time. Let's note down some of their names. The Beatles, Led Zeppelin, The Rolling stones, The Doors, Jimi Hendrix, and hundreds of others. In the early 60's drug trend increased over Europe and America. At the same time psychedelic music was introduced and became the youth's favorites. The Beatles, regarded as the greatest and most influential act of the rock era, were often influenced by drugs and referenced them in their music. In 1972, John Lennon said "Rubber Soul was the pot album and Revolver was the acid." Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" and "Strawberry Fields" were considered to have been written while on LSD trip. "Strawberry Field" referring to hallucinating tracks was provided by injecting acid. Jimi Hendrix's

"Purple Haze" is believed to symbolize the purple haze surrounding him on his LSD trip. Later on strong strain marijuana, was named after the song. The Doors' "The End" and Led Zeppelin's "Whole Lotta Love" brought psychedelic genre into a whole new level. Pink Floyd's "Alan's psychedelic breakfast" a 13-min enigma becomes trippier as it proceeds. Why is drug appreciated and taken by musicians? The greatest artists say there is more to the story than just the usual chorus of accusation. The reason behind it is complex and nuanced.

However, there are artists who refuse drug use or have sobered after some life changing incident. Here are some of them whom I believe are anti-drugs. Chris Martin (Coldplay), Dave Mathews, Brian Wilson (Beach BOys), who sobered after his father's death, Zappa is an anti-druggist; Bono (U2) has avoided any drug controversy. Even Paul Mccartney has said many times in interview that the Beatle's drug use hindered their song writing ability. And my favorite psych-rock band (Pink Floyd), a band associated



with particularly LSD and trippy experiments on music, have denied to have done drugs after the "Acid King", Syd Barret (The Lead Vocalist) left the band after going completely paranoid due to overdose.

Aerosmith (all the five members) have been drug free for over 20 years. Stevie Ray Vaughn (SRV) has admitted that his playing and stage energy has greatly improved after abandoning drugs in 1986. And the list goes on and on.

The Drug-Music relationship has been both appreciated and denied by critics and artists around the world. I personally don't approve drug-use in music, or don't believe drug can improve your musicianship. Maybe I'm wrong since I haven't done one yet and don't plan to do in coming days. Music is in the soul, it's inside one's imagination, it's in the heart and blood. Musicianship can't be snorted, smoked, shot, injected or taken internally. To anyone reading this, if you believe music and drug are complimentary, you are probably wrong. Those who tell it have helped them lack pure talent, creativity and naturality of music and use drug to replace what they're lacking. However, I do believe that good strains of Marijuana can help relieve your nerves and sometimes help with your songwriting. But I say it again, it's all inside you.

At last, music is far better and pure without drugs considering all the great artists lost due to overdose either physically or mentally. John Bonham(Led Zeppelin), Jimmy Sullivan (A7X), Kurt Cobain who suicided after overdose of drug and depression, Jimi Hendrix, Jim Morrison and the stairway to heaven contains many other name. I want to dedicate a heartfelt condolence to these great human beings and continue my musical journey strictly without any drug and want to conclude this article with a bigger NO than a Yes.



—AMUL CHHETRY(A2-A)

# EDM, TRANCE AND DUBSTEPS

*“Throughout 2010, the presence of dubstep in the pop charts was notable”*

## 1 ELECTRONIC DANCE MUSIC (EDM)

EDM or simply

Dance Music is produced primarily for dance-based entertainment by Disc Jockeys (DJs) where they create various tracks by mixture of different sounds. The increased popularity of EDM is influenced by live events. Now it is highly commercialized and is performed in various concerts all around the world. In December 2011, Swedish House Mafia became the first electronic music act to sell out “New York City’s Madison Square garden.” Similarly, EDM songs and artists have been featured in television commercials and programs, while some artists have produced more pop-oriented songs to make their work more accessible to a mainstream audience.

“EDM” has become the common blanket-term in the U.S., parts of Europe, and online for dance music genres. Many of the popular DJ artists such as Avicii, David Guetta, Swedish House Mafia and Afrojack have gained a lot of popularity by releasing some of the best tracks such as “Wake Me Up” by Avicii and “Lovers on the



sun” by David Guetta. Most recently a highly reputed Grammy Award Category “Best dance recording” was won by the song “Clarity” by Zedd. Also, Daft Punk’s “Random Access memories” won Best dance/electronic album during the Grammy’s.

EDM festivals have also had considerable economic impact on their host cities; the 2014 Ultra Music Festival brought 165,000 attendees—and over \$223 million—to the Miami region’s economy. Meanwhile, the inaugural TomorrowWorld festival brought \$85.1 million to the Atlanta area — as much revenue as it’s hosting of the finals of the 2013 NCAA Final Four did.

## 2 TRANCE

Trance is also a genre of Electronic Dance Music developed in Germany. Trance is a genre on its own but it also includes other styles such as techno, house and pop. Trance sound is made by mixture of sounds from Keyboard, Drum Machine and Synthesizer.

A trance refers to a state of hypnotism and heightened consciousness. As trance is more melodic and harmonic than other electronic dance music, the construction of trance tracks in the proper way is particularly important in order to avoid dissonant (or “key clashing,” i.e., out of tune with one another) mixes. Trance music is often divided into Uplifting Trance and Progressive Trance. Thus, many well-known compilations such as A State of Trance by famous

DJ artist Armin

Van Buuren usually showcase Progressive Trance in disc 1 and Uplifting in disc 2.

Some of the dance festivals that showcase Trance music are:

Tomorrowland in

Belgium, We Are One in

Germany, Ultra Music Festival in the city of Miami and TomorrowWorld in Georgia of U.S.



**SANDESH TIMALSINA  
(PETER)**

A2-D

## 3 DUBSTEP

Dubstep is a genre of EDM developed in England. The music generally features syncopated drum and percussion patterns with bass lines that contain prominent sub bass frequencies.

Throughout 2010, the presence of dubstep in the pop charts was notable, with “I Need Air” by Magnetic Man reaching number 10 in the UK singles chart. Also in 2010, American producer Skrillex achieved moderate commercial success in North America with a dubstep-influenced sound. By 2011 his EP Scary Monsters and Nice Sprites had peaked at number three on the U.S. Billboard Dance/Electronic album charts. In February 2011, Chase & Status’s second album No More Idols reached No.2 in the UK album chart. On 1 May 2011, Nero’s third single “Guilt” from their album reached number 8 in the Official UK Singles Chart. DJ Fresh and Nero both had number one singles in 2011 with “Louder” and “Promises”. Strong baselines imported from dubstep continued in popular music with the Taylor Swift song I Knew You Were Trouble, which made number 1 on Billboard’s U.S. Mainstream Top 40 chart.

### World's Most Paid DJ's of 2014 By Forbes:

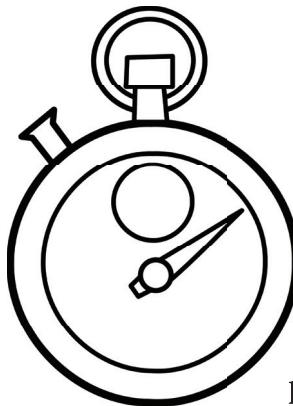
1. Calvin Harris	\$66 million
2. David Guetta	\$30 million
3. (TIE): Avicii	\$28 million
4. (TIE): Tiesto	\$28 million
5. Steve Aoki -	\$23 million
6. Afrojack	\$22 million
7. Zedd -	\$21 million
8. Kaskade	\$17 million
9. Skrillex	\$16.5 million
10. Deadmau5	\$16 million
11. Hardwell	\$13 million
12. (TIE): Armin van Buuren	\$12 million
13. (TIE): Steve Angello	\$12 million



# GROWING UP

***"I made it. I did it. I fought and here I'm where I dreamed to be."***

***'Life is too short to be wasted'***



As you advance and develop, you start to learn, you start to understand, you start to discover. You begin to know people, know things. In this process, you might get to know some things that are not needed, they are not necessary. You begin to realize what is pain, what are miseries and you tend to forget happiness. You begin to know the importance that a particular person holds in your life and even know the feelings that one has when a person leaves you forever.

Everything at one point seems to get hard, really tough and difficult and you feel like giving up, you feel like you can't go any further,

you feel like ending everything and just quitting. You start to get hard on your life, on yourself. You begin to live your life not in your way but what others want

you to be. You keep wandering of the ways to impress people and you forget yourself, you forget to smile, and you forget to be happy. You start to focus more on sadness and miseries than contentment. You think that you grasp everything and that you are the most superior creature here on earth but deep down inside you acknowledge that it is really complicated and you are nothing more than just a normal person. You get scared too often, you are fearful of trying new things just because you are worried that you will fail and don't even give it a try. You feel like laughing but you start to cry and you don't even know how and why.

But life doesn't end here. You have miles to go, so much to achieve, so much to dream and turn every single dream of yours to reality. You have to return the favors that

life has given to you. You have to make the world feel your presence. Bill Gates once said "It's not your fault if you are born poor but it's your fault if you die poor." So make money if you want to be rich. Hard work always pays off. If you want to be rich then all you need to do is focus on what you want instead of focusing on what you don't want. Then the latter will itself fall away. Put all your energy and all your concentration to your work, you desire will be no earth who will be able to stop you from your ambitions, your aspirations. You have your whole life waiting for you to do miracles, do your magic and make the world yours. You are given that chance every single day. Life is too short to be wasted in finding answers

you should be able to enjoy the questions. A day comes when you'll think about what you did all your life and that day will come very soon so you should be able to be really proud that day and say to yourself that "I made it. I did it. I fought and here I'm where I dreamed to be."

There will be hardships, there will be struggles that we will have to face but each of us wrestled our way into this world

to what and there one on



right from the beginning, right from when we were in our mother's womb. So why fear now? Life is the survival of the fittest and you have to make yourself known, you have to show the world your strengths, your flairs. No one has ever reached the Everest without working hard; Federer simply the no. 1 player

ing  
Roger  
didn't  
become  
world's  
tennis  
just by

more and never stop. Each one of us is born special and we all have that unique character. You are born to prosper and make your life worth living. You are the master of your fate and the captain of your soul.

Fear wants you to run away from things that aren't after you so why fear of the unknown? Why fear failure. Failure is the first step to success and we all know this, still we step back and think too much. Each day you are growing, each day you are experiencing something new, something you were unaware about the day before.

Each new day you are alive, you are living, you are growing. So venture into thrills and get your adrenaline rushing.

You don't want to end your whole beautiful life just by doing things that everyone else does, the ordinary things. Don't care about what others think, act

hitting the ball with his bat. He earned his success by his endeavors, Abraham Lincoln isn't known to us today just because he was the president of the United States but because he did something which contributed for the betterment of American society. These are just a few examples. There are many such personalities whose courage took them far and they reached where they wanted to be. Each of us has that capacity to go for

that you are always wearing an invisible crown and be the ruler of your life. Do good things that will satisfy you, that will give you a feeling of triumph. Grow from within each day. Learn, prosper, flourish and live.

**PRERANA SHRESTHA  
(AS-B)**

# LET'S LIVE WHILE WE'RE YOUNG

*“Death will invite us all sooner or later even if we don't want to”*

All of our lives are similar to roller coasters. It's all the same. The only difference in our individual rides is the track. For some, the path is too short and for some, it's full of ups and downs. But the fate that has been bestowed to us is unchangeable. What is to happen has to happen.

You and I, all of us are teenagers. And, we have somewhat similar thinking because of the adolescence period we all are going through. I bet all of us have done many mistakes in our lives. You mightn't accept it, but deep down you know the truth better than anybody else. We all have things pending to do. In fact, right now! That is because procrastination is an unwanted gift given to all of us. But, have you ever questioned yourself- what if tomorrow never comes?



Well. I thought that there was no way we would die soon. After all, we're still not in our 20s. But, a horrific incident proved it all wrong. Monica Gupta, a friend of mine, studied with me in Trinity AS-B would appear as an introvert to people at first. But she had an open heart. She had no grudges against anyone. No hatred or any complaints. But Monica had to stay in coma for 4-5 mourning days because of the carbon monoxide produced by the gas geyser. We went to meet her parent in the hospital. That's when they said that she was having the best time of her life in Trinity. But her mirth was meant to last for an unfair amount of short time. It was 30<sup>th</sup> October when the news that none of us wanted to hear was told. She was no more!

Monica obviously had no idea that she was meant to leave this world so soon. She had dreams, she had hopes too. Not only was she naïve and benign, but she was

an amazing poet. The eldest of her parent, she obviously had responsibilities too. But all of that burnt away with her body. She wasn't easily noticed because of her silent nature. But she was my partner when we chased the bus we used to travel by. She was just like one of us, unknown of the fact what is to happen the day we call "tomorrow".

She's gone and the thought of her returning to class will only be a fantasy. But, even if she's gone, she has inspired us. Take a glance at what you thought were "problems" till today. Unrequited relationships, misunderstandings that led to fights, examinations results! We aren't meant to carry the burden that was never meant to be laden in the first place. Of course, there are duties and responsibilities to follow, but we cannot give up on ourselves merely because we failed in a subject or our partner asked us for a breakup. Life is short. Who knows what'll happen to you tomorrow?



If you were to die tomorrow, die happily such that others will love and remember you for eternity. Death will invite us all sooner or later even if we don't want to.

So, there's no need to invite it before by committing suicide.

We need to live life to its fullest, accepting whatever it throws at us. We must learn to move on. 10 years from today and I guarantee the problems that we think are huge as of now, will either be erased from our memory

or will be laughed at. So, why spend our precious moments of ours lives in sorrow, pain or anger?

If you think your life has shortage of melodrama, trust me, you'll get plenty of them later on. Teenage is the crucial time where we can either make it or break it. Respecting all of your feelings, I'd just like to add one sentence that'll hopefully be an eye opener:

LET'S LIVE WHILE WE'RE YOUNG!!!

YAJYOO SHRESTHA  
(AS-B)

# Teerrible English

- 1 There is no wind in the football.
- 2 I talk, he talk, why you middle talk?
- 3 You rotate the ground 4 times.
- 4 You go and understand the tree.
- 5 I will give you clap on your cheeks.
- 6 Bring your parents and your mother especially your father.
- 7 Close the window air force is coming.
- 8 I have two daughters and both are girls.
- 9 Stand in the straight circle.
- 10 Don't stand in front of my back.
- 11 Why hair cut no cut?
- 12 Don't make the noise principal is rotating the corridor.
- 13 Why are you looking at the monkey outside the window when I am here?
- 14 You talking bad habits.
- 15 Give me a red pen of any colour.
- 16 Can I have some snow in my cold drink?
- 17 Pick the paper and fall into the dustbin.
- 18 Both of you stand together separately.
- 19 Keep quiet the principal just passed away.

RUJAL SHRESTHA (Y2)



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# DIM TORRENT as Integer;

*\_Jubindra KC (S2)*

>> This creates inefficiency when many people want to obtain of files from a single source ; }

{ The internet is now the most used system resource for transferring or obtaining data easily. With just a few clicks people can now buy, sell or rent anything. Comparing it to previous decades, it has been a great blessing for our generation. From Wikipedia to E-bay, all the information we need is stored in the internet- just waiting to be read or received. The entire world is in the finger tips.

It might be too good to be true but starting from mid of July, 2001 a site emerged out of the blue. "The Pirate Bay" a site connected as peer-to-peer files sharing protocol that helps in sharing large amount of data over the internet. Most of the people of our generations have already used the site for sharing any data to their peers without any restriction. Though found to be using such sites people have no knowledge of site or its impact on the modern society.

A torrent file is a computer file that contains metadata about files and folders to be distributed, and usually also a list of the network locations of trackers, which are com-

puters that help participants in the system find each other and form efficient distribution groups called swarms. A torrent file is a specially formatted binary file. It always contains a list of files and integrity metadata about all the pieces, and optionally contains a list of trackers. A torrent file does not contain the content to be distributed; it only contains information about those files, such as their names, sizes, folder structure, and cryptographic hash values for verifying file integrity. Depending on context, a torrent may be the torrent file or the referenced content. Typically, internet access is asymmetrical, supporting greater download speeds than upload speeds, limiting the bandwidth of each download, and sometimes enforcing bandwidth caps and periods where systems are not accessible. This creates inefficiency when many people want to obtain the same set of files from a single source; the source must always be online and must have massive outbound bandwidth. The Bit Torrent protocol addresses this by decentralizing the distribution, leveraging the ability of people to network "peer-to-peer", among themselves. This allows people in sharing their data information to huge mass using the same service. Ironically the service has been mostly misused by its users. There

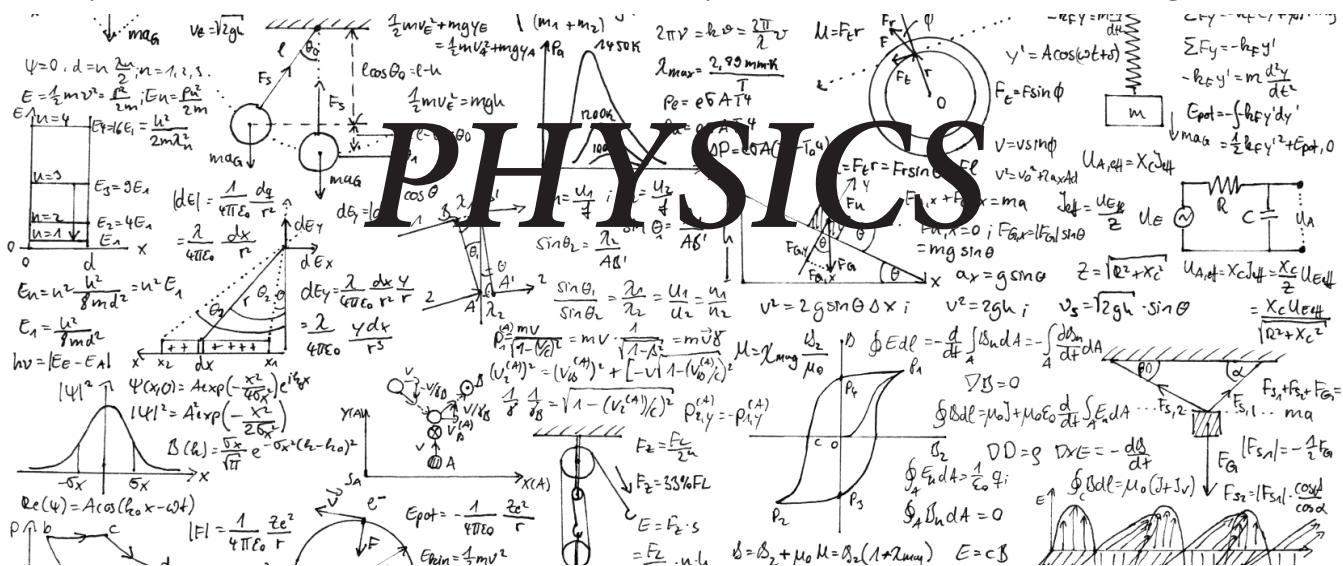


**The Pirate Bay**

has been much controversy over the use of Bit Torrent trackers. Bit Torrent metafiles themselves do not store file contents. This service allows people in sharing any type of files without any consent with the users' free will. So the site is infamous for sharing movies, albums, song, and shows among others illegally. Everyday thousands of illegal downloads are carried out by its users. Bit torrent metafiles violate copyrights by linking to copyrighted material without the authorization of copyright holders is controversial. In 2014, movie "The Expendables 3" DVD-print was released to torrent sites a week before the release of the movie. This resulted in massive damage to box-office collection of the movie.

So torrent maybe the most important sharing network internet has ever given but has been mostly used for video piracy and copyrights infringement that causes huge loss of money and employment. Thus such sites should only be used for other purpose rather than breaking the law. }

## 'My Source of Satisfaction and Beyond the Immense Imagination'



Today, as I try to focus my eyes into the texts of concise pieces of books around me, my excited mind drives me into the ocean of imagination of physical aspects and hidden dimension of the words. I don't know why? My internal thoughts towards it create such an energy that tends me to explore each and every part of my surface imagination but beyond my immense imagination there comes a stoppage saying "Why? What if the phenomena right behind that physical equation?" Then, I de-excite myself into the orbit of daily bounding knowledge which only binds myself towards the expectation of my parents, teachers and sometimes, I feel even the phenomena has just devised for, I mean, just the exams. My unanswered questions; whom shall I ask about it? My queries just revolve round and round within the mind, transfiguring me to different situation, in search of answers. Sometimes, it makes me mad, on such critical condition where my imagination couldn't destruct the barrier that could accelerate myself further for exploring something new for the world mankind. Me- following towards the path of success, I observe individual components that I feel around physically, I think about the stability of stars, reasons to find the analogy between the flowing rivers behind the cliffs and the uncontrolled tears that I get around my eyes when I can't find stability of my thinking and my roaming imagination. Why? Why is it for? Has it just troubled me? Or is it the problem that every

**"I think about the stability of stars, reasons to find the analogy between the flowing rivers..."**

student faces during exploring Physics and physical science. But whatever other perceive about the immense, exploring, boundless and infinitely approaching natural phenomena describing Physics, I do adore it from my biological ears and physical mind that always drives me beyond the immense imagination and provides a sort of satisfaction exploring it. **THE PHYSICS....!!!**

**SHIVA ACHARYA (U2)**

**19th century scientist**

I must find the explanation for this phenomenon in order to truly understand Nature...



**21st century scientist**

I must get the result that fits my narrative so I can get my paper into Nature...



...Please wait for a whale ..... [.]



# DON'T WAIT

## 'Make it happen

*"you need to pamper yourself with things just so you can be happy"*

I could clearly hear the birds chirping, singing to themselves and waking their little ones up for the day. My eyes were still closed listening to the beautiful morning sing to itself among the beauty of the nature. The soft and content feeling that my heart possessed every single morning was beyond its imagination. I never really wanted to open my eyes and get away from the beautiful picture that my head and heart drew together. Although every morning was the same, yet every morning felt different. If only we could stay closing ours eyes like this, if only the whole day was as clam as it is now. What would it be like if we wake up like those very birds and sing like that. It would be a paradise where we lived.

If only coping up and remaining happy was that easy. If only everyday was as beautiful as you pictured it to be and as adventurous as you felt and if only you woke up to the soothing chirping of the birds. Many of us would be close to half of the happiness that we imagined. Well, if I'm not wrong, maximum of us wake to the disturbing sound of the alarm or to our mother's voice making us wake up with the means that are almost unimaginable. You most probably don't wake up with the feeling of having to face yet another day in this world. You mostly wake up with just random feeling with no opinion of what the day is going to bring to you. You end up having either a miserable day or a

randomly amazing day. I wouldn't mind saying that at the end of the day you do sleep with no thoughts about the day what so ever.

What if changing this small side of our lives where we tend to take life for granted helped us to overcome the feeling of not living the life to the fullest and up to our expectations? As much as I feel, having to wake up safe and sound every day is itself a gift of life. The morning's light clears the night's darkness. You wake up to the chances that life gives, to make your today better than yesterday.

On the contrary, there is nothing wrong with feeling bad but then again no matter what, it's still your choice and your own responsibility. In any moments, there is always something to be upset about, to complain or to hate. But there is also beauty, love, understanding and blessings all around us. Only if you are completely satisfied with what you are doing and where you are, then by all means this is best source of happiness you can ever receive. However, the content and satisfied feelings that we possess may sometimes turn out to be entirely wrong for the future. At the end of the day, you should be able to make yourself happier and content.

As Marilyn Monroe said, "I believe that everything happens for a reason. Sometimes good things fall apart so the better things can fall together." Life doesn't nec-

essarily consist of storms and sadness all the time. When there is nothing wrong with whatever is going around, then why make a perfect day, completely useless? Storms don't last forever. Things don't work out for you unless you try to make it work. Happiness doesn't come running behind you; you need to go running behind it. Your ultimate dream is not to earn money and own big houses and cars, it is to remain happy with the success you achieve. At some moments of life you need to pamper yourself with things just so you can be happy. You need to understand that whatever is happening defines just a part of your life, it doesn't define the life itself. If it weren't for the hardships you went through, maybe you wouldn't have been stronger as you are now. Respect those hardships, move on but promise yourself one thing that you will not waste a day remaining sad about things which you won't even remember years later.

Each of us has a lot in common, we live in the same Earth, the same air, the same sky but then again why is that some people are smiling and happy while others sulk their way through life? If the environment was to be blamed at, more than half of the people would be sulking at this very moment. It's not the environment that is making us sad; rather it is thoughts within us that are making us sad, it's our own head. But then again we do need sadness, because it is the best means to make us under-

stand what happiness truly means. Half of us are even breathing right now just merely because of what we had to go through. It is because of the strength we possessed while facing those bad times. If we didn't give up back then, why give up now? It's still the truth that we all had to struggle our way out to even our eyes when we were born. What was that struggling for, if you were to give up on everything now? You at least need to take the credit of those battles, you need to prove your battles right. Things don't always shave to work out; there are over 7 billion people where good things need to go. It does take time for it to come, but when it does come then it will give you the world's happiness. Every bad situation has a positive side to it, because even a dead clock can show you the correct time twice a day.

Everything will be okay in the end; if it isn't, it's not the end yet. Relationships break, people go away, things change but what happens in the end? You eventually fall into good things, you often enjoy, achieve and have fun and you are still not satisfied then why not just wait for the right time to come? Why not wait till you get your results in the end? There are just 3 C's in life: Choice, Chance and Change. You must make a choice to take a chance or your life will never change. When everything feels like an uphill struggle, just think of the view from the bottom. you the correct time twice a day.

UDIPTA BOHORA (AS-B)

- ❖ In 1919, in the United States, it was illegal to play radios in private homes.
- ❖ A cockroach can survive for 9 days without its head.
- ❖ American travels about 114472100 miles by air every day.
- ❖ If an alligator's eggs are incubated below 86°F, the offspring will be all females. But if they are kept above 93°F, they will be males.



## Amazing Facts

- 1 A human heart pumps enough blood to fill 100 swimming pools in an average lifetime.
- 2 All babies are color blind when they are born, so they only see black & white.
- 3 Now this is cool ,the tongue is the strongest muscle in the human body.
- 4 No pain in the brain! Do you know our brain does not feel pain! Even though brain processes pain signals, the brain itself actually does not feel pain.
- 5 The only part of the body that has no blood supply is the cornea in the eye. It takes in oxygen directly from the air.
- 6 You will be amazed to know that 50% of human DNA is same as in banana!

ASHWIN POUDEL & PRITAM GAUTAM (W2)

# WHAT'S NEXT

## FOR

## NEPAL

# CRICKET

*"Their bowling was invincible but their batting was shaky though;"*

The attitude swinging among the Nepali cricket followers during the 2015 ICC World Cricket League Division Two was really fascinating. From the beginning though as the underdogs, a few months before the tournament the Nepal national team spread optimism around its fan base by assuring that the title was within the reach of the Nepal Cricket Team and that it was there to be won. That optimism faded once the actual tournament started in the most disastrous fashion for Nepal, losing to a comparatively weaker Uganda side by two runs. The sheer disappointment and discontent of the Nepalese public was clear

on

social media as well as

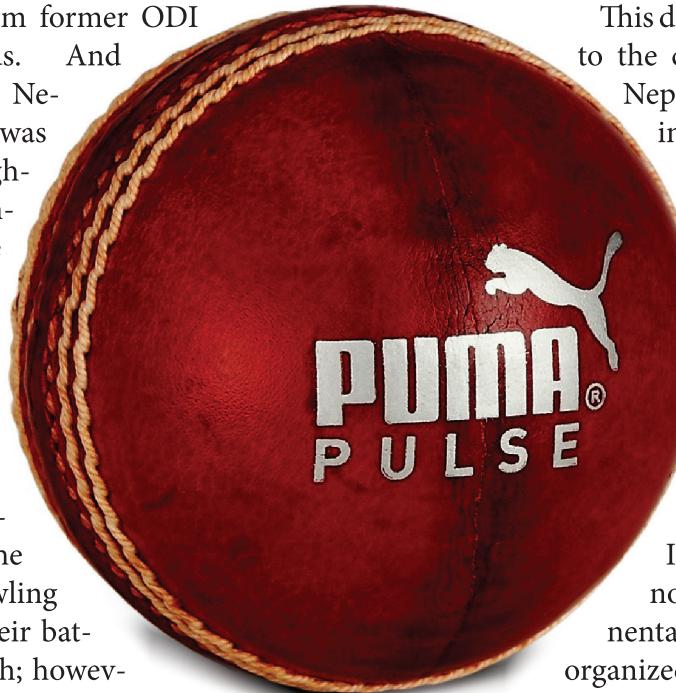


on other platforms. The Nepal team had to perform; and they had a mountain to climb when they faced the in-form former ODI nation, Netherlands. And heroically enough, Nepal overcame what was meant to be the toughest challenge of the entire tournament. The disappointing loss to Uganda was left behind and a fresh new sapling of hope was planted among the fans and the players alike. Nepal suddenly seemed to be the favorites. Their bowling was invincible but their batting was shaky though; however they eventually got the job done.

The same fairy tale bowling show continued for Nepal against another former ODI nation, Canada. Nepal won that game fairly comfortably too, although a few hiccups towards the end of that game did no good to Nepal's chances later in the tournament. The next day, Nepal beat hosts and by now, the favorites to lift the tournament, Namibia quite easily as well. It was Nepal's bowling that was making all the headlines. It was arguably the best bowling attack in the Associate and Affiliate scene. Now, all Nepal had to do to get to the ICC World Cricket League Championships and the coveted Intercontinental Cup was, beat Kenya. This way, Nepal did not have to worry about any other results elsewhere. Promotion, and with it, the future roadway of Nepal cricket was in their own hands, unlike previous precedents where Nepal had had to rely upon unlikely results elsewhere to progress. Nepal was heavy odds on favorites to win the game against Kenya. Promotion was guaranteed; future of Nepal Cricket looked bright. But when the day finally came,

Nepal succumbed to a defeat at the hands of Kenya. Nepali bowling failed to cover up the batting flaws when it truly mattered and favorable result for Netherlands in the other match meant that Nepal was prevented from promotion. The sinking feeling that Nepal started the tournament with, was the same feeling that Nepal ended the tournament

with.



This defeat to Kenya meant a huge loss to the cricket development in Nepal.

Nepal was prevented from competing for the ICC WCL Championships with the six ODI nations according to the previous format of 2011-2014. But, this was a far greater loss than just the tournament. Nepal would later go on to be included in the tournament as a result of changes in format by the ICC but this only meant participation in one ICC tournament. Nepal would now miss out on the Intercontinental Cup, a four day tournament organized by the ICC that provided an opportunity for the winner to go on and challenge the lowest ranked test team for a Test status. Nepal would, even more importantly, miss out on the huge funding provided by the ICC. This meant that the central contracts provided to the core group of players could now be a one-off showing. Also, this meant that all the development costs for infrastructural development in cricket still had to run through government funding, which also meant that the same old tedious process of impressing and convincing the ever changing administrators had to be done. It spelled disaster for people expecting change in the field after the tournament. THE PLAYERS HAD CARRIED THE TEAM TO ALL THE SUCCESS IT HAD ACHIEVED, now it was time for the AUTHORITIES to STEP UP and DELIVER the goods.

The so called "golden generation" of Nepal cricket could only carry the sport so far. The development of cricket in Nepal should in fact start from the grass roots level. Nepal, once considered a giant in the age group cricket arena, is now slowly falling behind in the U-19 and U-17 level as well. This is due to the lack of proper domestic tournaments in the age group level. This is the so called "golden generation" of Nepali cricketers. They are basically the same players who helped establish Nepal as a major force to reckon with in the age group level in the past too. But, if Nepal wants to keep playing at

the same or a higher level in the future, the future generation of cricketers should be promoted from NOW. School and college level cricket tournaments have to be organized on a regular basis. Moreover, the domestic structure of cricket in Nepal should be developed. The best way to develop a sport in a country for a sustainable period is by getting a considerable amount of the population to play the sport on a regular basis. This for starters, develops the bench strength for a team like Nepal whose bench strength is next to none. In fact, not only the first team but the bench is also pivotal for the success of any team in any sport, not just cricket. Injuries in sports don't come calling and when the crucial players or the talisman of the team get affected by injuries, the balance of the team can only be restored if you have at least a player of similar attributes, if not the similar caliber, on the bench. The bench strength of Nepal or rather the lack of it was exposed most noticeably, during the World Cup Qualifiers in New Zealand last year. When Nepal lost two key members, Paras Khadka and Subhas Khakurel to injuries, Nepal's performances in the alien conditions looked awful, to say the least. Nepal eventually finished 9th among 10 teams winning just one of the matches in the process. Surely there was a huge hole in the system and the room for improvement looked massive. The other thing that developing the domestic structure does is, keep the cricketing season going throughout the year. This way, the Nepalese players can keep up their game even during the off season in International cricket. For a country like Nepal, who have a very light international calendar, this would also ensure that the players stay fit and ready if and when they get a national call up.

Another one of the major hurdles for development in cricket in Nepal is the future security for the players who dedicate their life for the game and the nation. Can a cricket player sustain a normal life with a family by only playing cricket? At present, the answer is a plain and simple 'No'. We have seen promising cricketers like Raju Pradhan leave the country in search of employment just because they couldn't bear the burdens of their family by only playing cricket. There is recognition for the players and the fame is unparalleled to any other sport but, the harsh truth is, fame does not pay the bills and it does not join hands to mouth. At the end of the day, for most, being a cricketer is only a profession and

it's all about the money, and that is a genuine cause for concern too. So, if the current status of cricket is to be secured for any sustainable period, the economic security for the players who play the game has to be provided. The core players getting a central contract this year is certainly a step in the positive direction. This will encourage more people to play the game, without having to worry about keeping a side job. Furthermore, attention must be shifted towards building proper infrastructure, now that Nepal will be playing more matches of International status. Also, proper training facilities for the players and a well equipped new national academy are the need of the hour. If sufficient amounts of budgets are allocated for cricket development and if the allocated budget is spent wisely by the right people, this distant dream can easily become an immediate reality.

Thus, on one hand, the recent success achieved by the National Cricket team is certainly something to be proud of, while on the other hand, it's not something to be contented with. Nepal has the potential to be among the elite in the cricketing world and with a bit of attention from the authorities inside the country as well as outside the country, this game of cricket can be taken to the next level in a nation like Nepal. The huge passion for cricket in a non test playing nation like Nepal is unmatched in the Associate and Affiliate scene. Building on the recent success and the huge fan base, Nepal can certainly go a long way in cricket. Hence, by implementing afore mentioned points for the mean time and plotting new development areas like building relations with the boards of bigger Test playing nations like India and Australia for exposure, the recent success of the cricket team can be emulated as well as bettered in the very near future. Let's all pray that the responsible personnel for this development take this sport, which is uniting an entire nation during the time of turmoil, seriously and complete the job at hand without any more hiccups like the ones experienced in the past. We hope and believe that cricket will continue making us proud in the near future as well. Jay Nepal, Jay Cricket!!!

**PAURAKH PAUDEL (U2)**



# GETTING STARTED

Jason's parents were proud of him when he graduated from college. But it's been six months and he hasn't got a job yet. In fact, he hasn't been serious about it. He has no idea of what he wants to do and he's confused even with higher studies.

Jason's living with his parents and the things are getting tensed, especially with his father, who accuses him of being lazy and afraid of entering the real world. He thinks his dad is being totally unreasonable. After all, he's only young once and he needs some 'space'. During a recent argument, Jason said, "I'm not you, dad. I have my own way of doing things. I want a job I enjoy." His dad replied, "That's a nice idea, but in the end, they call it 'work' because it's about making a productive living not having fun."

There are many youngsters like Jason who are having trouble getting started with a serious job and becoming self-reliant. Some of us, like Peter Pan, just don't want to grow up. Some are afraid of making a wrong decision or afraid of being rejected. Others are victims of what psychologists call 'magical thinking'. They believe that when the time is right, everything will fall into place. So they wait for opportunity to come knocking or until they feel inspired or excited about their next step. Unfortunately, it doesn't work that way. What's crucial is to

Things happen and opportunities appear most often when we're moving, not standing still..

BEGIN. Things happen and opportunities appear most often when we're moving, not standing still.

Momentum is vital. Basic physics says that it is easier to alter the course of a moving object than to start the movement initially. In the end, it's not really about finding yourself. It's about making yourself. The first steps are the hardest, but the key to success in anything is, well, at least getting started!!!

**AADESH RAJ SHARMA  
(U2)**

*"What if we just like to wait until even someone of the very far and the very rare would be in the list of chat box?"*

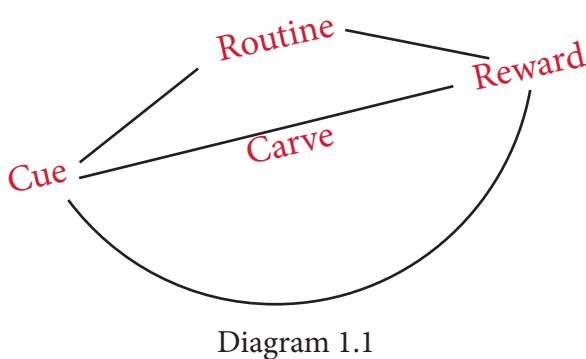


**H**ave we ever wondered why we sit online? What is the thing that sticks us to Facebook or Twitter or YouTube? What might just happen to us so that we can't extract ourselves from the trap of the Internet custom? Is it just a habit, an unavoidable or

Kin some circumstances preventable as well, or it's a kind of seriousness beyond our perspective and will power to endure against it?

If we are really to talk about habits then the worst case might be that you can't keep your head straight unless you're logged in? If

the scenario is the same then it's time to step up to change it as soon as possible. Let's elaborate it further. A habit can form if we render the activity over and over again, many times, unless we feel like getting convicted in not holding to it. Boredom, as per the experts can't be accepted as a mitigating element in addictiveness and habit formation. Moreover, Nir Eyal has further elaborated that "Boredom is the internal trigger while notifications are the external trigger to habit formation" (Hooked: How to Build Habit-Forming Products). The kind of boredom that forms within us excites us to an admonishing degree of impeccable instability that we can no longer hold to our I-won't-do-it-today plan, and we end up in consoling ourselves. But what if the habit is a bad one? That we propel more than 50% of our time online? What if we just like to wait until even someone of the very far and the



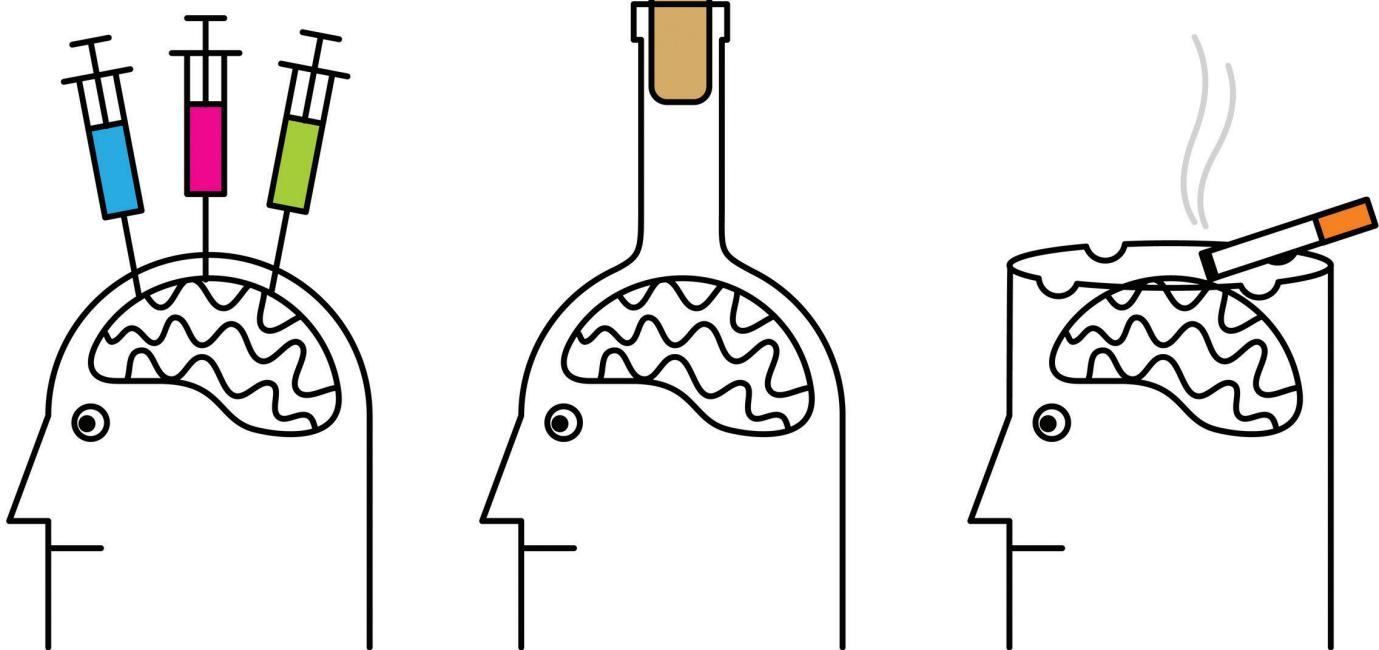
very rare would be in the list of chat box? That's too ridiculous and actually a ravage of time. These activities might have graving effects and ruining results, those that can never be in our favor. However, the saddest part of the story is that once a habit formed, it can never be completely extinguished, it's the Golden Rule of Habit Change. The action in the diagram 1.1 can never be unaltered.

However, we can, for our best, change the way the habit circulates. The excitation would be the same though and we would get the same result as well but we can at least change the way we make that a routine. Suppose boredom has lift-

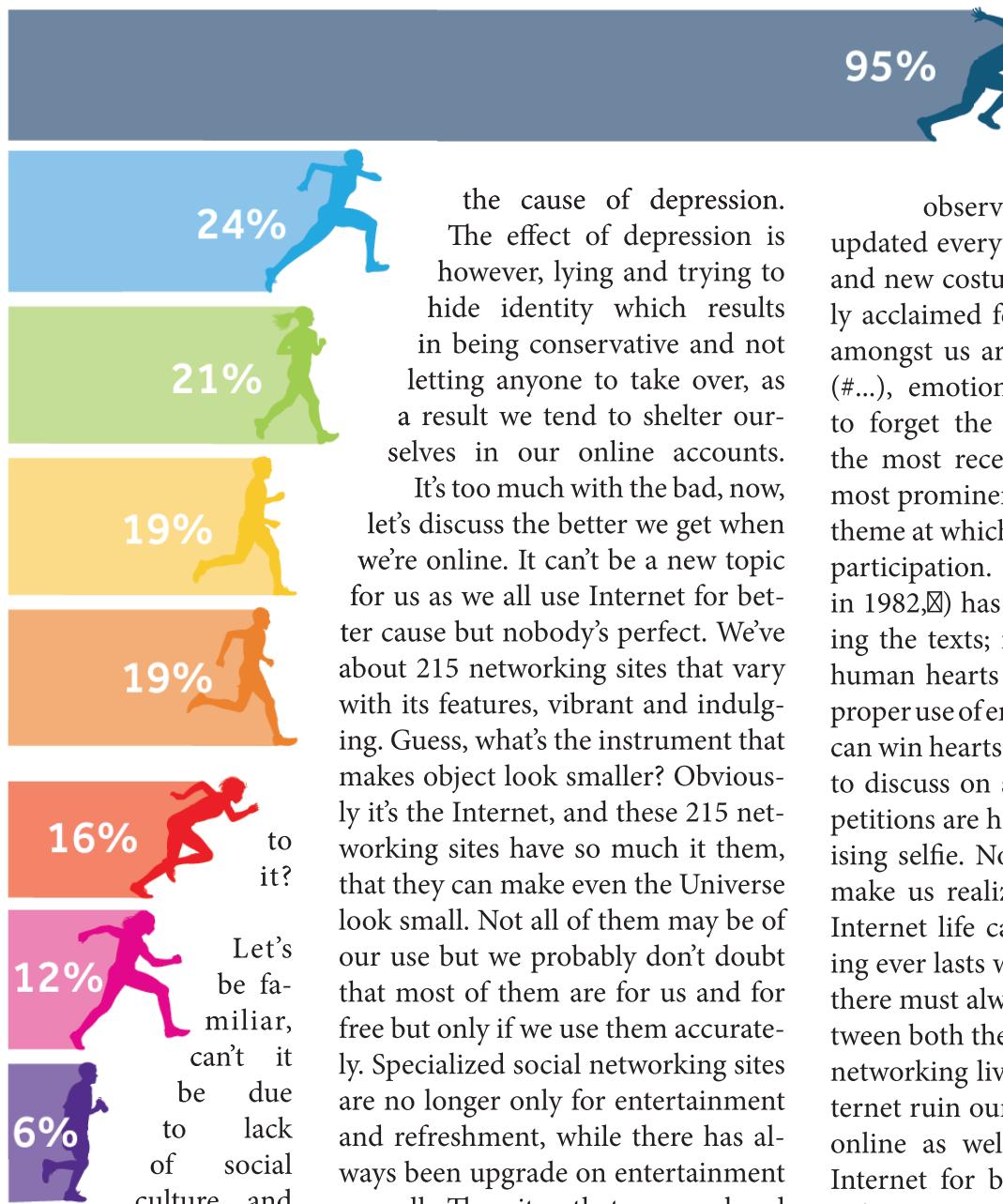
ed you to heights that you can't resist to be alone, you decide to visit a friend's house; for that you can at least visit a non-smoking friend than a smoking one, this way you won't allow your excitation to lead you to smoking and you can save yourself from bad habits. Same applies for using Internet as well, in spite of using Facebook if you ignore it

for once, open up some informative pages and work on that without keeping any doubts about the notifications inside, you're surely going to overcome your overtime at Internet to a fruitful behavior. Thus changing routines may help up changing bad habits to good ones. However, the action can never be altered.

We all use Internet but all that matters is what we use in it and how we do it. It's usage upon us might be a well conducted act or a disproportionately creepy product. However, the question still hails, but why do we use it? Boredom can't be the only reason for us to be so much addicted



## THE SOCIAL NETWORKS WE USE MOST



by real friends we meant to indicate friends in person. Obviously, it might be the most specific reasons for some of us, but that's not the thing to be put with the sole blame. Did you ever know that depression and sadness can also lead us online? Well, it's a real fact. Depression is caused whenever our brain lacks Serotonin. However, it is also said that the decrement in Hippocampus (Memory and Emotion portion in our brain) is also

the cause of depression. The effect of depression is however, lying and trying to hide identity which results in being conservative and not letting anyone to take over, as a result we tend to shelter ourselves in our online accounts.

It's too much with the bad, now, let's discuss the better we get when we're online. It can't be a new topic for us as we all use Internet for better cause but nobody's perfect. We've about 215 networking sites that vary with its features, vibrant and indulging. Guess, what's the instrument that makes object look smaller? Obviously it's the Internet, and these 215 networking sites have so much it them, that they can make even the Universe look small. Not all of them may be of our use but we probably don't doubt that most of them are for us and for free but only if we use them accurately. Specialized social networking sites are no longer only for entertainment and refreshment, while there has always been upgrade on entertainment as well. The sites that comprehend sharing pictures, music, videos and a lot of information are social sites. They can be either open to all or only a community. Apart from social sites, there are sites that target a specific group of people like academicians, athletics, musicians and all others. Apart from them there are sites target to Asian-American groups, homosexuals, black people and lot others. Literally, it's difficult to count them. So what we have is a whole bunch of social networking sites that can either

empower us to unimpeachable power or degrade the hell out of us. It's in our own hands to deal with it.

95%



The sites we

observed foremost are being updated every day with new features and new costumes. The most recently acclaimed features that went viral amongst us are the use of hash tags (#...), emotions, and of course not to forget the selfies. Hash tags are the most recent among all and the most prominent tool for putting up a theme at which we like to include our participation. Emotions (first used in 1982,[]) has lot more of personifying the texts; it gives accessibility to human hearts and their moods. The proper use of emotions at proper times can win hearts. By no means, we need to discuss on selfies; well even competitions are held for the most promising selfie. Now that's something to make us realize how important our Internet life can be. However, nothing ever lasts without equilibrium, so there must always be equilibrium between both the social as well as social networking lives. Let's not let the Internet ruin our relations with friends online as well as on-life. Let's use Internet for better purpose and divide our time in it, deviated towards more informative sites rather than just mugging ourselves by repeating the same status and the same messages at our wall. Make use of Internet, deal with it but don't dwell on it.

# बोरो अवारिक्ष यात्रा

“त्यो रात उत्सुकता र प्रसन्नताले गर्दा होला कति पल्ट कोल्टो  
फेरें निद्रा नै लागेन । हुन त त्यतिबेला आफ्नो एकमात्र लक्ष्य भरखरै पुरा  
गरेकी थिएँ । निद्रा लाग्ने त कुरै थिएन नि ।”

**पो**खराको त्यो रमणीय वातावरण अनि गौरव  
र पौराणिक गाथा बोकेको माछापुच्छे हिमालको मन्द्य  
मुस्कान र फेवातालको चञ्चल व्यवहारले अधिकांश  
फिरन्तेको मन नै रोमाङ्क भएर आउँछ । त्यहाँको  
दृश्यावलोकनको लागि अधिकाश मानव जाति मात्र  
नभई पशुपक्षीको मिड पनि एउटा रमणीय यात्राको  
लागि उत्सुक हुन्छ ।

सायद यी प्राणीहरू जस्तै हावाको प्रत्यक कण  
अनि पानीको विभिन्न तरङ्गको महसुस गर्नको लागि हो कि  
विलासी र कृतिमता अनि रहस्यमय जीवनको कटु सत्य  
र यथार्थताको जानकारी हासिल गर्न होला मेरो चञ्चल  
मन पनि अनौठो अनि रोमाङ्क यात्राको अनेक प्रश्नहरू  
लिएर रमाउँदै उत्सुकतासाथ अगाडि बढिरहेको थियो ।  
मेरो जीवनको अनौठो यात्रा; मेरो अन्तरिक्ष यात्रा र  
मेरो अविष्मरणिय पल एउटा याद बनेर अहिले पनि मलाई  
घच्छचाइरहेको छ । आफ्नै यी तिता मिठा यादहरूलाई  
आत्मसात गर्दै जीवनको रहस्यमय बाटो हिँड्न लागेका  
करिब एक दशक भयो होला । मलाई अझैपनि राम्ररी  
याद छ, त्यो पल, त्यो वर्ष जसले आँधी र हुरी जस्तै मेरो  
जीवनको गति परिवर्तन गरिदिएको थियो । त्यतिबेला  
अनुशासित, आज्ञाकारी, मिहिनती र जलबलाउँदो युवा  
शक्तिको जमात भू-विज्ञान अनि अन्तरिक्षतिर आकर्षित

भएर हो कि करले हो, आफ्नो लक्ष्यको प्रारम्भ अन्तरिक्ष अनि भू-  
विज्ञानबाट गर्हे अध्ययन गर्दागाई कतिबेला त्यो निलो गागनको  
काखमा बसि ताराहरूसँग लडिबुडि गर्दै चन्द्रमासँग लुकामारी  
खले जस्ता सपना बुन्न थालेछु पत्तै भएन । सायद त्यो सपनाले  
नै मेरो जिन्दगीको कायापलट गरिदियो होला । जे थियो मेरो  
लागि, त्यो सपना नै सबैकुरा थियो । केवल एउटा इच्छा, त्यो  
एउटा सपनालाई सत्यतामा बदलिनु नै मेरो जीवनको लक्ष्य  
बन्न पुर्यो ।

लागदछ नेपाली उखान-टुक्का पनि यत्तिकै बनेका रहेछन् ।  
“खाने मुखलाई जुँगाले छेक्दैन” भनेमै भेरी केही वर्षको त्यो  
अनौठो र कडा तपस्याको फल स्वरूप मैले नासाद्वारा अन्तरिक्ष  
जाने सुनैलो अवसर पाएँ । त्यो बेलाको स्थिति र खुसी सायद  
मैले कुनै पनि गाहौ शब्दले वर्णन गर्नसकिदैन होला । यहाँबाट सुरु  
हुन्छ, मेरो जीवनको अनौठो अन्तरिक्षको यात्रा । मेरो सपनाको  
वायु विमान, पहिलो पटक त्यहाँ पाइला टेक्दा मेरो खुदा भुइँमा  
थिएन होला । त्यो विमानमा म जस्तै मेरा अन्य दौतरीहरू पनि  
उपस्थित थिए । हामी सबैले एउटा अनौठो पोसाक अनि अक्सिजन  
सिलिन्डर लगाएर अन्तरिक्षमा जानको लागि तस्तयार भयौँ ।  
त्यहाँ सूचना यन्त्रको सूचना आयो, “विमान अब क्रमशः तिस  
मिनेटपछि उडान हुनेछ, कृपया तयारी अवस्थामा बरिसिदिनु होला ।”  
यस्तै-यस्तै आवाज गुञ्जियो क्यारो । मनमा त्यतिबेला उत्साह र  
डर दुवैको आगमन हुन थाल्यो । केहीबेर पछि आफूलाई आफ्नो  
सपनाको संसारमा पाउँदा निकै गौरवान्वित लाग्यो । त्यहि निलो

गगन, त्यही चम्किला तारा, तारासँग लडिबुडि गर्दै चन्द्रमासँग लुकामारी खेली हावाको प्रत्यक कण र पानीको तरङ्ग महसुस गर्न पाउँदा त मेरो तन र मन दुबै हर्षले व्याकुल भयो।

केही घडिपछि मैले आफूलाई निलो गगनमा पाएँ । त्यहाँ प्रत्यक्ष टिम-टिम गर्ने चम्किला ताराहरूको अबलोकन गर्न अनि वायुमण्डल र सौर्यमण्डलको राम्रोसँग दृश्यावलोकन गर्न पाउँदा म निकै उत्साहित थिए । मलाई त त्यस बेला “दुङ्ग खोज्दा देउता पाए” जस्तै भएको थियो । म त्यस बेला आफ्नो ग्रहबाट टाढा अन्तर-क्षमा करिव दुई दिन सम्म बसेकी थिएँ । यात्राको साथ साथ वैज्ञानिक ज्ञान अनि मनमा उठेको विभिन्न प्रश्नको उत्तर पाउँदा त मलाई “पशुपतिको जात्रा सिद्राको व्यापार”को सम्भन्ना आइरहेको थियो । कतिबेला त्यो दुई दिन वित्यो पत्तै भएन । अन्त्यमा फेरि हामी विश्लेषण गर्न पाउँदा त झन् मन नै प्रफुल्लित भएर आएको थियो । सबै को गहन विषय र चर्चा परिचर्चाको माध्यम बन्दा अनि पत्रपत्रिका र समचारको प्रमुख अनि जल्दो बल्दो विषय बन्दा त साँच्चै “के खोज्छस् काना आँखो” जस्तै भएको थियो ।

त्यो रात उत्सुकता र प्रसन्नताले गर्दा होला कर्ति पल्ट कर्वट फेरेँ निद्रानै लागेन । हुन त त्यतिबेला आफ्नो एकमात्र लक्ष्य भरखरै पुरा गरेकी थिएँ । निद्रा लाग्ने त कुरै थिएन नि । एकाएक प्रसिद्ध हुन पाउँदा बल्ल मेरो जीवन सार्थक भएजस्तो अनुभूति भयो । जसरी त्यसरी म ओछ्यानमा पलिटएर निदाउन खोजेँ । कतिबेला र कतिखेर निदाएछु पत्तै भएन । अर्को दिन, नयाँ किरण र फेरि नौलो बिहानीको सुरुवातमा कता कति यस्तो वाणी सुन्नमा आयो, “यो अझै बिस्तरामै छ्ये । आठ बजिसक्यो । गृष्मा ! तँलाई कलेज जानु पर्दैन ? छिटो उठ अब ।” मामुको आवाज ! क जुरुक्क उठेँ । घडि हेर्दा त साँच्चै नै आठ बजेको रहेछ । कुनै विषयको गृहकार्य गरेकी छैन । धृत् रातभरि “दि युनिभर्स” भन्ने किताब पढेर होला, मैले फेरि पनि अन्तरिक्षकै भ्रमण गरेको सपना देखेछु । हरे शिव ! भन्दै छिटो छिटो आफ्ना नित्यकार्य सकाएर कलेजको लागि तयार भएँ । त्यहि साडे दश बजेतिर आफ्नो अन्तरिक्ष यात्राको सपनालाई छाडि कलेजको लागि प्रस्थान गरेँ ।

यसरी नै त्यही जोस र जाँगर अनि त्यही लक्ष्य आफ्नो काँधमा राखी त्यही बाटोमा म अवश्य हिँडि रहेकी हुने छु । कमश: चन्द्रमा छुने महान् लक्ष्य राखी त्यही निलो गगनमा बसी तारासँग लडिबुडि गर्दै र त्यहि चन्द्रमासँग लुकामारी खेल्दै प्रत्यक हावाको कण अनि पानीको तरङ्गलाई महसुस गर्दै अवश्य पुरा गर्ने छु म मेरो अधुरो यात्रा, मेरो अन्तरिक्ष यात्रा ।

गृष्मा सापकोटा (N2)

# विनती पत्र

आमा, तिभ्रा बुद्धहरू कता हराएका  
क्न् हूँ? शान्तिलाई झन् भैट्टाउन  
साहै मुस्किल छ ।

प्रिय जननी,

विवशताले प्रतिपादित लाचारताको पुकार !

म खुसी नभए पनि तिभीलाई चाहिँ खुसी दैर्घ्य चहान्छु । आशा छ यी मेरो चाहना सपनामै सीमित नरहैर विपनामा परिणात हुनेछ । मैले तिभीसँग यी पत्रको कुर्जे उत्तरको अपेक्षा गर्दिन । यी त कैवल मेरो अबमा उठेका आवैग संवेगको समष्टि रूप हो जो अस्सामु पौर्ख नसकै पनि तिभीसँग म निसङ्गको च व्यक्त गर्न सक्छु । त्यसैले म पूर्ण विश्वस्त भएर आफ्ना शब्दमा अनका तरइगलाई तरइगित बनाउँदै छु । भलाई थाहा छ, मेरो जन्मदाता, कर्मदाता, अन्मदाता, जीवनदाता,.... सबै तिभी हो र तिभीले मेरो मर्म अवश्य बुझ्न द्याई । अतः तिभ्रा निमित यी तिभ्रै सन्ततिको दुख्वैसो पौचिएको पत्र ।

खै कुनिन आजकल कै भएको हो, म त चारैतिर आनंदकार पौ दैर्घ्य थालैकी छु । सायद, तिभीले तुकीमा भट्टितैल जथपि-दिएर पौ हो कि या विद्युतको चम्किलो प्रकाशलाई थैंग नसकी मेरो दृष्टि मधुरो भएको हो । तिभीलाई मात्र कति दोष दिनु, तिभी त निर्दोष द्याई । आफ्ना सन्तानका अपराधको सजाय काटि रहेकी द्याई, कालकोठरीमा आफूलाई गुम्स्याएर कलिला सन्ततिलाई स्तनपानबाट विच्छिन्न गराइ रहेकी छौ । तिभ्रा आरिर्वाद र न्यानो काखको खोजीमा भाँतारि रहेका कैयो तिभ्रा पुत्रपुत्रीलाई त झन् तिभ्रा अवस्थाका बारेमा ज्ञान पनि छैन । विचारा, मातृवात्सल्यको स्वाद चारूनै नपाई अवसान हुने स्थितिमा पुगिसकै । तिभीलाई सरक्करै, ममताको पौखरीमा पौङ्गिन चाहने, तिभीलाई पुकारी रहेका सबैको जीवन आज धरापमा छ । न त उनीहरू दिल खोलैर हाँस्नै पाएका छन् न उनीहरूको हक अधिकार सुनिश्चित छ । कै वल स्वाधीन नुलुकका पराधिन नागरिक बनैर आफ्नो मृत्युको दिन कुदै बसि रहेका उनीहरू जिउँदौ लाश बनैका छन् ।

तर आमा, तिभी चिन्ता नलैऊ । तिभ्रै कौखबाट जन्मेका तिभ्रा कपुतका कारण अन्य सन्तान जिउँदै मरेको तिभी हेन सकिन्दैन । उनीहरूले पनि आफ्नो हक, अधिकार, अस्तित्व, पहिचान गरेको हैर्न चहान्दूयाई । तिभ्रौत्यौ सपना अवश्य पुरा हुनेछ ।

तिभ्रो कौखको उपेक्षा गर्ने मेरी आमाका कथित सन्तानको कुर्कर्मलाई म कसरी बयान गराई । समिक्षादा त मलाई आफू अपवित्र भएको आभाष हुन्छ, अझ आफनै औलाले कलम थमाउँदै उनीहरूको चर्चा गर्दा त झन् मलाई गङ्ग-गाजलले नै रनान गर्नु पर्दै होला । जै होस्स बरू गाइगाजल नै खोजीला तर तिभीसँग म त्यो कुरा लुकाउन चाहन्ना कै भन्नु, एउटै आमाका कौखबाट जन्मै तापनि मानिसको सौचाह र प्रवृत्ति एउटै नहुँदौ रहेक । हुन त एउटै बीटका फल पनि कैही कुहिन्छन् र कैही पौसिला हुन्छन् । म तिभ्रा ती सन्ततिलाई तिभै कुहिएका फलसँग दाँजन चाहन्छु, तिभीहरूको दुर्गन्धले दूषित बनैको हावाको कसम, म डराउँदिन, तिभी जै सुकै भन । मेरो स्मृतिपलटका कता कता गुञ्जन्छन्, हामी सानै छँदा तिभीले दिएको उपदेशहरू- मिलैर बरबुपर्द, बाँडीचुँडी खानुपर्द, अस्त्रलाई दुख दिनु हुँदैन बरू रोएकालाई हुँसाउन सक्नुपर्द, मातृभूमि भनैको ईश्वर हो- यसको पूजा गर्नुपर्द,....। तर खै तिभ्रा सन्तानले यी सबै बिर्सेका हुन् कि सरक्कर नक्खीजेका, मैले बुझ्न रामर्थ्य जुताउन सकि रहेकी छैन । किबिकि म आज वाल्ल परैर दुलुडुल हैर्न बाध्य छु,

उनीहरू तिमीलै देखाएको बाटो भन्दा विपरीततर्फ लागेको, तिमीलै आएका भन्दा मनाहि गरेका काम बढ़ता गरेको। यो कुरालै सायद तिब्रा आँखा रसाउँछन् पनि होला कि तिब्रा कति सन्तान कुपोषणका सिकार बनेका छन् भन्ने कतिपय पचाउन सक्ने भन्दा बढ़ता खाएर डाङ्गिन निलिरहेका छन्। कै तिब्रो बालउपदेशको परिचालन भयो त? त्यसैलै त मलाई अट्टाहस हाँस्न मन लाएक, बौलाहा अँ रुन कराउन मन लाएक, यो समाजको विद्रूपता देखेर, विडम्बना सहेर। यो भन्दा पनि तिता सत्य त खोल्न बाँकी नै छन्। मुटु दो पार्व, अगवान्लै तिमीलाई धैर्यधारण जर्ने शक्ति दिउन्।

मैलै सुनेको तिब्रो नामको कतिपय भूभाग त तिब्रा छिमेकीलाई सुनिपसके रै। यतिभात्र कहाँ हो र, तिमीलै स्नान गर्ने जलाशय, मैलापात गर्ने वनजङ्गल, पुजने देवीदेवताका बैजोड नमुनाहरू, तिमीलाई हँसाउने हिमाल, टाडस दिने पहाड र अन्न प्राशन गराउने तराईको समैत लैखाजीखा हुँदै छ रै? कै तिमीलै आफ्ना सन्तानबाट यस्तै अपेक्षा गरेकी थियो त? तिब्रे कोखका चैलीहरूलाई उनीहरूकै दाखुभाइलै कुनै वेश्यालयमा बैचिदिएको कुरा कै तिमी सुन्न सक्छ्यो? तर आमा म त अन् यी सबैको प्रत्यक्षादर्शी, कति छिया छिया हुँदैक होला मैरी मन, कति समझन्छु होला तिमीलाई। एकातिर म तिब्रो काखमा बास लिन पाएकोमा धन्य धन्य ठान्दैछु आफूलाई, तिब्रो भूमिमा लुटपुटिन पाउँदा गर्व लाएक मलाई अनि अर्का तिर आफ्ना दाखुभाइ, दिदी बहिनीलै तिब्रो सन्तान हुनुपरेकोमा आफूलाई खिकारेको अनि तिब्रे प्रतिदून्दीका जुठा भाँडा माभनलाई हाँडबाजी गरेको दैख्दा कति तडपिन्छ होला मैरी हृदय, एक पटक सौच त? आफ्नो स्वार्थ सिद्धिका लागि तँक्छाड र मषाड जरिरहेका तिब्रा सन्तान एक अर्काको बलि चढाउन तम्सरहेका छन्। एउटै घरमा एउटै परिवारका सदस्य भएर पनि आपसी समझदारी छैन, घरभगडा दिन प्रतिदिन बढ़दो त्रमभा छ। “भाइ दुर्ते जवाँर लुर्ते”, भन्नेर तिमीलै समझाएको उखानलाई पनि बिरेष्वन् क्यारे। यिनीहरूबिय मनमुताव सिर्जना गरी छिमेकीलै फढदा लुर्तेको पनि दैखिरहेका छैनन्। लामखुटटेलै रणत चुर्से अँ सम्पूर्ण तागत र बल चुरस्तै आफूलाई खोक्रो तुल्याउँदै गएका छिमेकीको कर्तुत यिनीहरूलाई कै थाहा, खालि महमा अुमिमएका माखा अँ विदेशिका खोस्टा डलरमा अुमिम रहन्छन् र आफ्नो अस्तित्व धराशयी बनेको अन्दैखा गर्नन्। मति बिशेषिष्ठ कसको कै लाग्दो रहेक र! आमाका आँखामा टिलपिल टिलपिल गरेका आँसुको वास्ता नगर्नेलै कै आफ्ना दाखुभाइ, दिदीबहिनीको दुख र पीडा देख्नन् त?

आमा, तिब्रा बुद्धहरू कता हराएका छन् है? शान्तिलाई अन् अंताउन साहै गुरिकल छ। दशरथ, धर्मभक्त, शुक्रराज, गङ्गालाललाई पनि चाँडै फर्क्क भन, बत्र तिब्रो गृहकलह आम चर्कन सक्छ, दन्किरहेको गृहजिनमा धयू थिपिने सम्भावना प्रबल छ, तिब्रो सागो संसार तहसनहस हुन समय लाग्ने छैन। अँ साँच्ची! अमरसिंह, भक्ति, बलभद्रलाई पनि मैरी विमतौ स्विकार्त्त विर्देशन देउ। मलाई यी सबैको साथ चाहिएको छ तिब्रो अस्तित्व जौगाउनका लागि, तिब्रो गालामा लालि चढाउनका लागि। बरु आमा, मैरी अर्को विनित पनि सुनिदेउ। तिब्रा अण्डाशयका सक्षम अण्डाहरूलै अँ धैरै महापुरुष जन्माउ। पुनः गर्भधारण जरैर गर्भाशयमै सबैलाई नीतिकताको पाठ पठाउ, सम्पूर्ण गुणलै सिंगार। दैशको रक्षार्थ आत्मदाह, बलिदान गर्न वीर योद्धा, नागरिकलाई भौकबाट ग्रसित हुन नदिनै मैहनती किसान, अशिक्षाबाट शिक्षाको उज्यालीतर्फ डौज्याउने शिक्षक, राष्ट्र तथा नागरिक हितका लागि समर्पित नेता, त्वसायका माध्यमबाट नागरिकलाई रौजगार र राष्ट्रमा आर्थिक रूपान्तरण ल्याउने उद्दीगपति, राष्ट्र तथा नागरिकलाई सुरक्षा दिने सैन्य तथा प्रहरीबल आदिलाई स्वर्णिम धर्तिमा टैकाउ। अनि हामी सबै गिलैर नयाँ नैपालको खाका कोर्ने छाँ, समाजका दैरिति र विसङ्गतिलाई नियूर्ल पार्ने छाँ। चाग्रिसकेको तिब्रो अबुहार मुर्काउन दिने छैनाँ।

हाँ, आमा तिमीलै मैरी पुकार सुन्नै पर्छ। मैलै बाल्यकालदैविक सँगालैको सपबा साकार पार्न साथ दिनै पर्छ र विश्वस्त हु भैरो यो चरम आशालाई तिमीलै विराशामा बदलिदिने छैनै, यो मैरी विन्ती पत्रलै पक्कै तिब्रो। दय हुन्ने छ, नैनी अँ पगाउनै छ र अन्ततः मैरी लक्ष्य पूर्ण हुनेक। औहो! लैखदा लैखै पत्र तलामो पौ भएक र, लैखन त अँ बाँकी थियो, मैरी मनको कुपठालाई फुकाउन त कुनै किताब नै लैख्नु पर्क होला। जै हाँस आज अलिकति भए पनि मन हलुइँगो भएको अबुभूति भयो, कर्सैलै मलाई पुकारै अँ लाग्यो....। लत, मैरी आशाको त्यान्दौ न युँडिनै विश्वासका साथ म आफ्नो पत्रलाई बिसर्जन गर्दै हु।

तिब्रे विवश सन्तान  
सत्यता

# गण्ड चुम्ने अद्युरो स्वप्न

“जे जसो भएपनि विमानको रफ्तारभन्दा तेज गतिमा उसको मनले वेग स्थापना गरिरहेको थियो ।”

**जी** वनको उषाकालदेखि नै आफ्नो जीवनलाई निश्चत लक्ष्यको गोरेटोमा हिँडाउने धोको प्रत्येक व्यक्ति-व्यक्तिमा जागृत हुनु सायद प्रकृतिकै नियम होला । यसै-ले होला सहजै बोल्नसम्म नसक्ने तोते बोलीमा नै काम चलाउने नानी हुंदा देखि नै भविष्यका स्वर्णीम कल्पनामा डुब्ने प्रत्येक व्यक्ति जागरुक देखिन्छ । साँच्च नै जी-वनयात्रालाई सकुशल गन्तव्यबिन्दुसम्म पुच्याउने लक्ष्य प्रत्येक मानवयात्रुले बोकेको हुन्छ, जीवनका नौकालाई निपुणताका साथ खियाउदै भवसागर पार लगाउने लक्ष्य प्रत्येक व्यक्तिमाझीभित्र लुकेको हुन्छ, जीवनसङ्गममा अनवरत सङ्घर्षरत हुदै कदम कदममा विजयश्रीको न्यानो अङ्गालोमा बाँध्ने लक्ष्य प्रत्येक व्यक्तियोद्धाको हुन्छ । यसै कुरालाई सही पहिल्याउदै, प्राकृतिक नियमसँग सम्झौता गर्दै सुप्रियाले उसको जीवनको मिर्मिरदेखि नै दिनहुँ मङ्गलदीप सजाउने त्यो निल आकाशको सहयात्री बन्ने चाहना राखेकी थिई अर्थात उसको सपना थियो उडेर आकाश छुने, उसको जपना थियो उचाइसँग नभुकेर जी-वनको सार्थकता दर्साउने । अतः उसका नजरले धेरे जसो आकाशतर्फ कै सङ्केतात्मक भक्तिको पेश गर्ने गदर्थे ।

परिवारकी पहिली अनि एकली सन्तान ऊ उसका बुवाआमाकी सम्पत्ति अनि उसका लागि बुवाआमा नै सबथोक । उसका खेल्ने मित्र, पढ्ने सहपाठी, विचार साट्ने सहकर्मी सम्पूर्ण चिज उसले उसका आमाबुवाबाट नै प्राप्त गरेकी थिई । यसो त कसलाई आफ्नो सन्तान व्यारो नलाग्ने होला र तर परिवारमा सन्तानका रूपमा एकली भएकाले होला उसलाई उसका आमाबुवाले जति माया अरू कसैका बुवाआमाले गर्नु हुँदैन होला भैं लाग्ने गर्थ्यो । उसलाई मित्रवत् स्नेह दिने भएपनि उसका बुवालाई उसको पढाइको बारेमा नै विचार गर्न मन लाग्यो त्यसै-ले उहाँले उसलाई सधैं संसारको बलवान् वस्तु पढाइ हो,

सिप हो अनि सत्यवान् मित्र पुस्तक हो भनी उसको बालक सुक्ष्म मस्तिस्कमा दीप प्रज्ज्वलन गर्नु हुन्यो । यसै कुराको प्रभावले होला वास्तवमै उसलाई पढाइ नै उसको वास्तविकता लाग्दथ्यो अनि किताबकै विचमा ऊ रम्न रुचाउँथी । यसरी एक कोठाभित्रै किताबको सङ्गतमा रहेर उसले बुझ्ने भएदेखि नै आकाशसँग पनि कसिलो मित्रता गाँस्ने भाव सङ्कलित गरि सकेकी थिई । यसो त उसका बुवाआमाले पनि उसलाई आकाशाको संयमतामा डुबाउन नै चाहनु हुन्यो ।

अतः जीवनको सच्चा रेखाचित्र तयार गर्दा उसले उत्साह-पूर्ण ढङ्गबाट उसको सपनाको धनुवाणले काबुमा गर्न चाहने त्यो आकाशको संयमतामा मिश्रित हुने निर्णय गरी । त्यो उसको निर्णय मात्र थिएन, उसका बुवाआमाको ठुलो सपना थियो, उसको जीवनको मार्गनिर्माता थियो अनि उसको अस्तित्वको संरक्षक पनि थियो । यसरी ऊ उसको जीवनको अर्थपूर्ण निष्कर्ष भेटाउन मन वचन र कर्मले पेश भई । हत्केलाले समाउनसम्म धौधौ पर्ने पुस्तकका वाक्यमा मर्न हुने ऊ विमानका महत्त्वले आकाशसँग जुधै ‘पाइलट कोर्स’का लागि जापानको प्रिन्सटन युनिभरसिटीमा एप्लाई गरी । सामन्यतया भाग्यको खेल भनी समाजले व्याख्या गर्ने भए पनि उसले आफ्नो लगन अनि आमाबुवाको आशीर्वादले पूर्ण छात्रवृत्ति प्राप्त गरी । त्यसपछि त के अब जीवन साँचेको जस्तो भइहाल्यो भन्ने लाग्यो तर ऊ केवल जीवनको एक खुड्किलो उक्लेकी थिई ।

अलिअलि दुख, नैराश्य तर त्यसलाई सहजै पार लगाउने उत्सुकताका साथ उसले जापानी भूमिको स्पर्श गरी । नौलो भूमि, नव परिवेश अनि अपरिचित अनुहारका विचमा रहेर उसले आफ्नो जपनालाई अधि दौडाउन थाली । चार-चार वर्षको अध्ययन-अध्यापन अवधिका विचमा उसले आफूलाई परिवेश अनुकूल ढाल्ने बनाइसकेकी थिई । यसरी चार वर्षमा हुने उसको अन्तिम परीक्षा थियो । लगाम लगाएको घोडा जस्तै तर सम्पूर्ण इच्छाले उसको पढाइको पथ निर्माण गर्न ऊ लागि परी अन्ततः पढाइ सकियो । परिश्रम गरे के सफल नहुने रहेछ र ? उसले सोचेको अनुरूप नै भयो सबथोक । कमशः नतिजाको क्षण पनि आयो । आफ्नो तर्फबाट जतिसुकै राम्रो भनिए पनि नतिजाको

बखत विद्यार्थीको मुटुको स्पन्दन तेज हुनु स्वाभाविक नै भनिन्छ अतः नतिजा प्रकाशित भयो । मुटुको गति तेज थियो त्यसै बखत उसले पहिलो स्थान प्राप्त गरेको खबर पाई । मन फुरुङ्ग भयो आमाबुबाको सपनालाई यथार्थमा परिणत गरेको मा अनि उहाँहरूलाई विमानको अधिराजकर्ता अर्थात पाइलट 'सुप्रिया शर्माका' आमाबुबाका रूपमा स्थापित गर्न पाएकोमा । मुटुको रफ्तार उत्साह र अमङ्गले मच्चिएको थियो । साँच्च नै एकछिन त उसलाई जीवन सफल भए भै लागेको थियो तर त्यसो थिएन अझै जीवनको स्थापनाका लागि उसले थुप्रै कार्यसिद्धि गर्नु पर्ने थियो । विधा र सीप अर्काकै देशमा आएर आर्जन गरे पनि त्यसको उपभोग आफै मातृभूमिमा गर्ने सोच राखेर उसले सम्पूर्ण कागज पत्र मिलाउन थाली अनि सफल पनि भई ।

ऊ नेपाल फर्कने खबर पाएर उसका बुबाआमा पनि रम्नु भएको थियो; उसको उमङ्गले बाँध ननाग्ने त कुरै थिएन । Ⓛफलस्वरूप करिब पाँच वर्षपछि ऊ नेपाल फर्कने दिन निश्चित भयो । ऊ घर फर्कने सोचाइसँगै हर्षोल्लाषित थिई । त्यो उसको ठाउँको हरियालीपूर्ण परिवेश, छड्छड बगीरहने शारदा नदीको चिसो पानी, शरीर सिरिङ्ग पार्ने चिसो सिरेटो अनि प्रकृतिदेवीको अक्षय वात्सल्य सबै कुराको स्मृति उसका मनसपलटमा सलबलाइरहेका थिए । ऊ उत्साहित थिई सानो बच्चाले आफ्नी आमाको न्यानो आड खोजेभै, आफ्नो प्यारो मातृभूमिमा पुनः फर्केर आउन ।

आफू पनि विमान चालकका रूपले सबैसामु चिनिएपछि ऊ प्रथम पटक विमानका यात्रुका रूपमा प्रस्तुत भएकी थिई । जे जसो भए पनि विमानको रफ्तारभन्दा तेज गतिमा उसको मनले वेग स्थापना गरिरहेको थियो । उसको मातृभूमि करिब पाँच घण्टाको यात्रा पश्चात् त्यति टाढा पनि थिएन तर अपसोच सायद ईश्वरलाईनै ऊ लगायत अन्य थुप्रैलाई नेपालमा पदापर्ण गर्न नदिने चाहना थियो हो ला । यात्रा आरम्भ गरेको करिब छ घण्टा पछाडि विमानको इन्जन

फेल भएको कुरा सूचित गरियो । अन्य समस्या भए पनि समधान खोज सकिन्थ्यो तर त्यस बखतको स्थिति बेगलै थियो, निवारणको केही आशा नै थिएन । त्यसैले घर जाने भनी उर्लिएका उसका ती आशारूपी तरड्ग लथर्किएका थिए । उसको नेपाल फर्कने सपना केबल सदैव सपना नै हुने भए भन्ने कल्पनामा ऊ डुब्न थालिछ । त्यसैले उसका मनमा आलस्य छायो, उसका आमाबुबाका आशापूर्ण भरिला आँखा छोरीको प्रतिक्षामा आँसुले डुब्ने भए भन्दै उसका मन मस्तिष्कमा अनेकौ भाव जान थाले । यो देखेर उसलाई एक तर्फ टिठ लाग्दै थियो भने अर्कातर्फ आफैलाई सम्फेर धिक्कार

लाग्यो । निर्दोष ती हजारौँ ज्यानको बली चढेको स्विकार्तु पर्ने सोच्चा विचारी सुप्रियाको मन फुलेर आयो तर आफ्नो काबुमा केही पनि थिएन, सबै स्वीकार्य नै थिए अब सुप्रियाका निम्नि । अब सबै जीवनको अन्तिम सास त्यही विमानमा फेर्ने भनी ढुक्क थिए । नभन्दै करिब तिस मिनेट पछि सबै नतमस्तक भई ईश्वरसामु जीवनको भिख माग्दै गर्दा विमान उच्च पहाडमा ठोकियो अनि ....। (विमान दुर्घटनाको खबर केही सेकेन्डमा नै व्याप्त भयो, भग्नावशेष सम्म पनि नभेटिएको यथार्थ जनाइयो ।)

अकल्पनिय ढुङ्गबाट भएको यस दुर्घटनाले लगेको सम्पूर्ण प्राणका लागि हामी अन्य जनसँग अर्थात् समाजसँग बाँचेका थिए त केबल श्रद्धान्तलीपूर्ण भाव । सुप्रिया लगायत अन्य सबै अब केवल खबरका अभिन्न अड्गमा सिमित रहे । उसका आकाशसँग गाँसिएका सपना आकाशकै साथमा भग्नावशेष हुन पुगे अनि मातृभूमि फर्कदाको उमङ्गभावले भरिएकी सुप्रियाले अन्ततः अर्काकै भूमिमा ज्यान अर्पण गर्नु पन्यो । छोरी फर्कन्द्ये भन्ने आशाका लहरा गाँसिएका उसका आमाबुबाका आँखा अब आँसुका मुहान भइसकेका थिए । छोरीलाई एक सक्षम र असल व्यक्तिका रूपमा त उनीहरूले उभ्याउन पाए तर कार्यको अस्तित्व जोगाउन पाएनन् ।

के सुप्रिया अनि उसका मातापिताको उद्देश्य केबल छोरीलाई आकाशमा उडेको महसुस गर्नु मात्र थियो त ? के उनीहरूका लागि चाहना भन्नु परिश्रम मात्र थियो होला र, उपभोगको अपेक्षा नभएको होला त ? परिश्रम गर्नुपर्द्य भन्ने भाव त जागृत थियो होला तर परिश्रमको उपभोग नगर्ने चाहना त पक्कै पनि उनिएका थिएनन् होला । उनीहरूका चाहना थिए होलान् कठोर परिश्रमको स्वादिष्ट फल ग्रहण गर्ने तर बिना फलप्राप्ति नै उसका सपनाहरू अपाङ्ग, बेसाहारा बने । मनका तरड्गीत छाल एकछिनमै साम्य भए, भर्खर पखेटा पलाउदै गर्दाका सपनाको आड नै टूट्यो अनि बाध्य भए पुनः सम्हालिन ।

अतः जीवन-मरण त प्रकृतिको नियम नै हो । सुख-दुख, घाम-छाया जीवनका मझेरी नै हुन् तर के जीवनको कटु परिभाषा केबल परिश्रम हो त ? होइन भन्ने सुप्रियाको जीवन किन परिश्रममा नै टूझियो, किन दिन सकेन उसको जीवनले जीवनकै अन्य कुनै परिभाषा ।

# अपाङ्ग बनेका केही

## सपनाहरू

हामीले जीवनमा कति सपना देरछाँ,  
 जीवनबाट कति कुराको अपेक्षा गछाँ  
 । न त ती सबैको पुरा हुनु मात्रै हाम्रो  
 जीवनको सार्थकता हो; न त तिनको  
 पुरा नहुन हाम्रो जीवनको अन्त्य।

### आ

जोठाको एउटा कुनामा बसेर म आफ्ना  
 अतीतका हरेक पानाहरूलाई एक एक गरी पल्ट्याउदै छु  
 । आज जब म आफूले पार गरेर आएका ती कहिल्यै पनि विर्सन  
 विर्सन नचाहने रमाइला दिनहरू र केही चाहेर पनि विर्सन  
 नसकेका पीडायुक्त क्षणहरुको सम्भन्ना गर्दू, मेरो ओठमा  
 हाँसो र आँखाबाट आँसु एकैचोटि दौडने गर्दै । तर मलाई  
 थाहा छ, कि म बहादुर छु र मलाई ती पीडाहरूले आफूभित्र  
 लुकाउन सक्दैन, त्यसैले म फेरि आँसु पुछ्न थाल्यु र ती  
 अतीतका क्षणहरूलाई केलाउन थाल्यु ।

अनगिन्ती सम्भन्नाहरूको विचमा म त्यो दिन याद  
 गर्दै छु जब म बाहिर बसेर हवाइ जहाज उडेको हेँ थिएँ ।  
 सायद म त्यतिबेला सात वर्षकी थिएँ होला र हवाइ जहाज  
 देखेर मेरो मनमा एउटा छट्टै खुसी नाच्न थालेको थियो अनि  
 म आमातिर फर्केर भन्न थाले, “आमा, म ठुली भएँ भने म  
 पाइलट बन्छु अनि हजुरलाई र बाबालाई आकाशमा उडा-  
 उँछु ।” आमा मलाई हेरेर केवल मुस्कुराई रहनु भयो । अर्को  
 दिन बाबासँग सहर जाँदा मैले बाबालाई एउटा ठुलो  
 घर देखाउदै भने, “बाबा, म ठुली भएपछि पाइलट बन्छु  
 अनि हजुर र आमालाई यो परको जत्रो ठुलो घर किनेर  
 दिन्छु ।” अनि मैले थपै, “बाबा मेरो यो सपना पुरा त हुन्छ  
 है ?” बाबाले भन्नुभयो, “किन नहुने छोरी, मनमा आँट छ  
 भने केही असम्भव छैन ।” अलिकति आशङ्का र धेरै खुसी



लिएर म आफ्ना साना हातले बाबाको औँला समाति  
 घर फर्केकी मैले त्यो सानो उमेरदेखि नै सपना बुन्न  
 थालि सकेकी थिएँ । आफ्ना साथीहरू गाडी मोटरको खेलाना  
 खेल्दा म एकलै बसी पाइलट बनेर हवाइ जहाज उडाएको  
 कल्पना गर्दथे । बाल्यकालमा देखेको सपना अलि ठुली  
 भएपछि त भन् जीवनको अहम् आवश्यकता नै बनेको थियो  
 र मेरो कडा परिश्रम र मिहिनेत त्यही सपना पुरा गर्ने प्रयत्न  
 साबित भयो ।

तर सपना टुट्न कति पो समय लाग्दो रहेछ र ! बिहान  
 आँखा खोल्दा भए सम्म त हो । कलेजबाट घर फर्किंदा  
 त्यही सानो घर जहाँ मेरो बाबाआमामलाई पर्विरहनु भएको  
 थियो । तर त्यस दिन म घर नपुगेर सिधै अस्पताल पुऱ्या-  
 इँ । बाटामा दुर्घटनामा परेर म नराम्रोसँग घाइते भएँ ।  
 भाग्यवश म बाँचे । तर मलाई बाँचेकोमा कति पनि खुसी  
 लागेर आएन किनकि मैले मेरो ज्यान मेरो एउटा हात र दुवै  
 खुट्टाको बदलामा पाएँ । म अपाङ्ग भएँसाथै अपाङ्ग भए  
 मेरा सारा सपनाहरू । मलाई ट्रिवलचेयरमा घर लगियो । म  
 ऐना अगाडि गएर एक टकले आफूलाई हेन थालैँ । मलाई  
 तयो क्षणमा आफू अपाङ्ग भएको रत्तिभर पनि पीडा थिएन ।  
 पीडा थियो त केवल सपना बिलाएकोमा । मेरो मन रातभरि  
 असह्य पीडाले कराउन थाल्यो । म त्यस दिन अथाह रोएँ;  
 यति रोएँ कि जति म आजसम्म हाँसेकी पनि थिइन्हाँ होला ।  
 रुँदा-रुँदा मेरो आँखा सुन्निसकेको थियो तर म रुन छाडेकी  
 थिइन्हाँ । तर कति रुने ? मलाई त्यसबेला आफूलाई सम्भाल्न

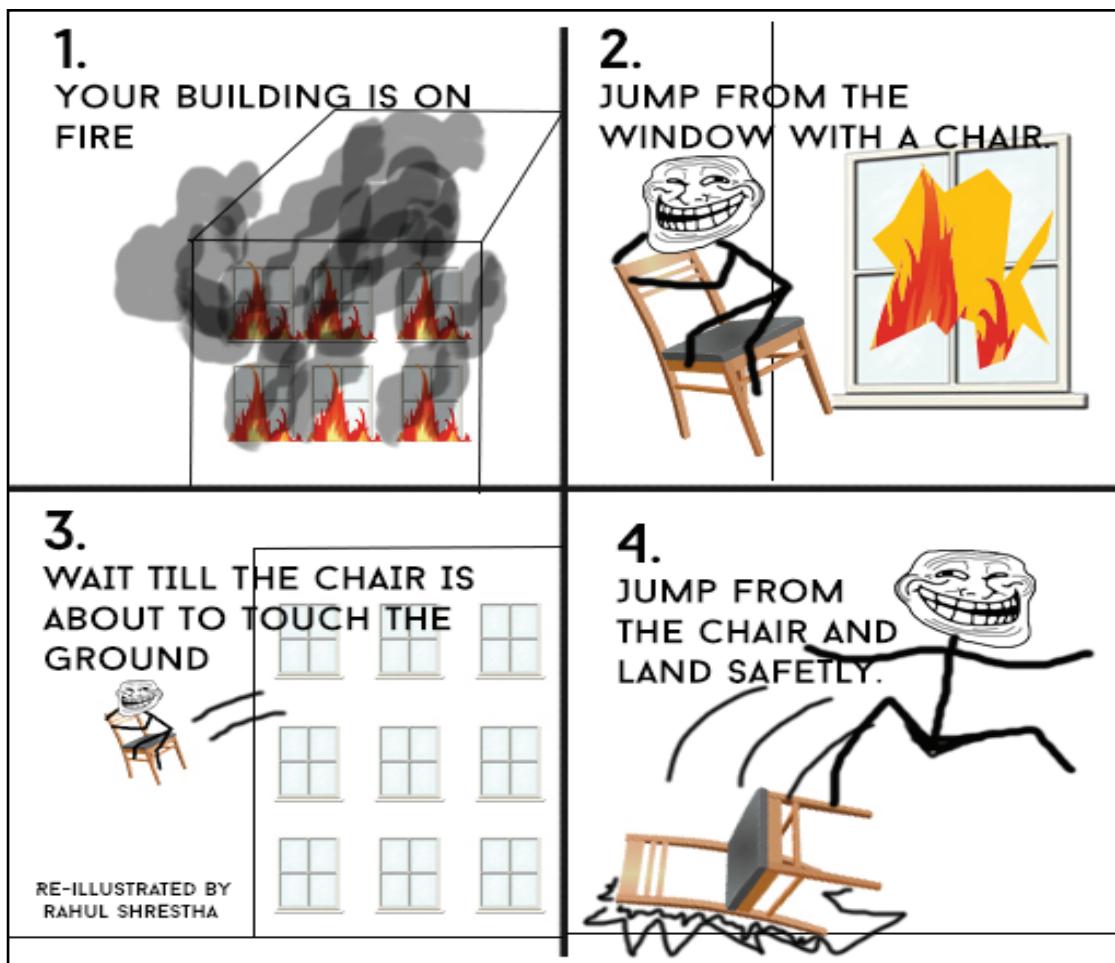
धेरै जरुरी थियो । त्यसैले आफ्नो पीडालाई आँसुको रूपमा बगाएपछि म आफूलाई सम्भाउन थालैँ; मनलाई बुझाउन थालैँ कि त्यो केवल एउटा सपना न थियो । हामीले जीवनमा कति सपना देख्छैँ, जीवनबाट कति कुराको अपेक्षा गछ्छैँ । न त ती सबैको पुरा हुनु मात्रै हाम्रो जीवनको सार्थकता हो; न त तिनको पुरा नहुनु नै हाम्रो जीवनको अन्त्य । मैले आफ्ना आँसुहरू पुछ्दै र त्यस दिन आफ्नो जीवनको नयाँ पाना, नयाँ पाटो सुरु गरैँ ।

आज त्यो घटना भएको दश वर्ष भन्दा बढि भइ सकेको छ । म सामान्य एउटा स्कुलमा विद्यार्थीहरूलाई पढाएर जीवन

चलाइ रहेकी छु । आफू पाइलट भएर हवाई जहाज उडाउन नपाए तापनि म मेरा विद्यार्थीहरूको अनेकौं सपना पुरा गर्न हौसला दिन सक्षम छु । साँझ म मेरा विद्यार्थीहरूसँग रमाएर घर पुग्छु; त्यही सानो घर जहाँ आज पनि मेरा बाबाआमा मलाई पर्खि रहनु भएको हुन्छ । बाटोमा म आज पनि त्यो ठुलो घर देख्छु र आकाशमा हवाई जहाज देख्छु अनि एउटा मन्द मुस्कान लिई घर पुगेर भन्छु, “आमा, यदि अर्को जन्म भन्ने साँच्चै हुँदौ रहेछ भने म अर्को जन्ममा हजुर र बाबालाई पाइलट बनेर आकाशमा उडाउँछु.....।

दिप्सना केसी (N2)

# PHYSICS TROLLED



# तिमी, म अगि हात्री सम्बन्ध

-अञ्जली थापा (J2)

“ तिमी र म बिच थाहा नै नभइकन कति मिठी  
सम्बन्ध बनि सकैङ्क। ”

“अँधेरी जस्तै जून बिनाको  
पँधेरी जस्तै पानी बिनाको  
तिमी नभए मेरो जिन्दगानी  
आँखा जस्तै नानी बिनाको”

..... नदीको सागरसँग, जूनको  
आकाशसँग र मेरो तिमीसँग आत्मा र शरीरको  
जस्तो सुमधुर सम्बन्ध छ। सायद घाम उदाउन  
लागेको थियो होला मैले तिमीलाई देख्दा आकाश चट्ट  
खुल्यो, फुल विहानै मुस्कुरायो, मन्द पवनको बहार बर्साउदै  
न्यानो किरण उदायो बालसूर्य। खोलामा सेतो कुहिराले छुट्टिनु  
पर्ने कठिनाइपूर्ण घडी आएकाले आकाशतर्फ पखेटा सार्दै थिए  
र त्यति नै बेला तिमी मेरो अगाडि थियौ। मैले तिमीलाई देख्दा  
त म आफैलाई नै विश्वास लागेको थिएन किनकि तिमी मै-  
ले सोचेको भन्दा सयाँ गुना रास्ती थियौ। आँखाभरि छचल्के-  
का आँसु र मनको पीडामा तिमी पनि सामेल भयौ। एउटा  
छुट्टै बहार बोकेर र मनमा अकै खालको मायाको सन्तुष्टि  
बोकेर।

एउटा काँडाले फुलको साथ पाए जस्तो लाग्यो तिमी-  
लाई भेटेर। खेडरीमा पानी, उकालीमा लड्डी र अँध्यारोमा बत्ती  
बनेर उदायौ तिमी, तिमी त फुल थियौ, मन्द मुस्कान छेरेर  
दुनियाँलाई हँसाउने र म तिम्रो एक सहयात्री थिएँ। थाहा नै  
भएन कहिलेबाट तिमी मेरो बैसाखी बनेर मलाई तिम्रो बाटो  
मा लिएर गयौ। म अझै पनि तिमीसँगको पहिलो भेट सम्भेर



अचम्म पर्छु। मेरो आँखाको  
अशु पुछेर तिमीले मेरो  
जीवनको नयाँपन सुरु  
गरेकी थियौ। तिमी  
र म बिच थाहा नै नभइ-  
कन कति मिठो सम्बन्ध बनि  
सकेछ। तिमीसँग हरेक पल, घडी  
र समयको एउटा सुन्दर चित्र मेरो  
मनमा सुनौलो याद बनेर बसे-  
को छ। तिमीसँगको चो-  
खो माया सायद कसे-  
ले पनि दिन सक्दै-  
न होला। तिमीसँ-  
गसँगै बसन्त नाँचे-  
को, शिशिरको जाडो  
घडीमा तिम्रो मायाको  
च्यादर बनाएर ओढे-  
को याद अझै पनि  
ताजा नै छन्। तिमी  
हरपल, हर समय  
मेरो साथमा थियौ,  
जीवनको एउटा  
अभिन्न अड्गा बनेर  
बसेकी थियौ।  
तिमीले मलाई

लड्नबाट नजोगाइ लड्न दियौ र मैले लडेको हरेक पलबाट उठ्न सिकैं र बाँच्न पनि सिकैं । तिमीले मलाई गाहो बेलामा जीवनसँग संघर्ष गर्न सिकायौ । आज म तिमीबाट नै सक्षम बन्न सकेको छु । तिमीले मेरो हरेक सुख दुखको पलमा सधैँ साथ दियौ । आँखाबाट आँसु भर्दा तिमीले मलाई फकाउँने गर्थ्यौ । मलाई चोट पटक लाग्दा मलाई भन्दा बढी तिमीलाई दुख्ने गर्थ्यौ । मलाई तिमीले जीवनको बारेमा धेरै सिकायौ । मैले तिमीबाट संघर्ष गर्न सिकैं, जीवनरुपी रथ हाँक सिकैं । तिम्रो साथले आज मेरो जीवन रङ्गमञ्च बनेको छु र मेरो जीवनको रङ्गमञ्चमा आज सुख र दुखका नाटक मञ्चन हुने गर्दैन् । मबाट तिमीले के कति सिक्ने अवसर पायौ थाहा भएन तर मैले तिमीबाट जीवनको बारेमा धेरै कुराहरू सिकैं । म तिम्रो ज्ञानले भरिपूर्ण भएको छु ।

लाग्दछ, आज म निकै स्वार्थी बनेको छु । तिमीलाई चाँडै नै छाडेर म टाढा जाँदै छु, धेरै टाढा, यति टाढा कि त्यस दूरीमा बसेर जीवन काट्न सक्छौ होला तर म टाढा पुग्नु छु । मैले अन्दाज नगरेको दूरी पार गर्न जाँदै छु । मलाई माफ गरि देऊ, तिमीले मलाई त्यति धेरै माया दिँदादिँदै पनि म तिमीलाई छाडेर जाँदै छु । तिमीलाई छाडेर जाने मन त छैन तर मेरो विवशता यस्तै छ । म जानु पर्छ, किनभने मलाई अरूले नै पर्खेर बसेका छन् । तिमीले त हजारौ हजार पाउने छौ तर मेरो लागि तिमी एक मात्र हौ । म तिम्रो बैसाखी भाँचेर टाढा जाँदै छु । म आज अर्थहीन भएको छु किनकि तिम्रो चोखो मायाको बदलामा तिमीलाई मनभरि चोट दिएर जाँदै छु, धेरै टाढा । तिमी मबाट टाढा भएपनि तिमी मेरो जीवनको हरक्षण हरपल, मेरो मन अनि तनमा एक यात्रा बनेर बाँच्ने छौ । के गर्ने ? यस्तै छ .... समय.....

भाका, भूल, दया, क्षमा र ममता सन्तोष जान्दैन त्यो । इन्द्रै विन्ती गरुन् भुके पदमा, त्यो विन्ति मान्दैन त्यो ॥ थुप्रोमा उधिन मिठो र नमिठो रोजेर छान्दैन त्यो । आयो टप्प टिप्पो लग्यो, मिति पुग्यो, टारेर टर्दैन त्यो ॥

हो ट्रिनिटी, म जानुपर्छ, धेरै टाढा, सायद त्यो दूरीको मैले कल्पना पनि गरेको छैन । ट्रिनिटी, तिम्रो र मेरो साथ यहिसम्म मात्र रहेछ । अब तिमीलाई अरूनै आएर स्याहार गर्दैन् होला, माया गर्दैन् होला, तर म जानुपर्छ । नेपथ्य बनेर क्षितिजपारि जानु छ, अनि तिमीले मलाई गरेको माया र दिएको शिक्षाको नाम सगरमाथा भन्दा उच्च पार्नु छ । तिमी अब अर्काको मायामा बाँच्न सिक्नु किनकि म टाढा जाँदै छु, धेरै टाढा...धेरै टाढा... धेरै.....टाढा.....।

## बुझ मेरो पीडा

Gravityले ताने जस्तो नतान मलाई  
तिम्रो conventional direction of current

जस्तो समाजतिर

soft iron प्रयोग गरी

तिमी मलाई सोभ्याउन सक्दैनौ

जतिसुकै Newton को force लगाऊ  
या जतिसुकै उच्च p.d. apply गर

cathode rays निक्ले भैँ

मेरो अन्तर आत्मादेखि कुनै

rays निस्क्ने छैन

त्यसैले बुझ मेरो पीडा..।

भो अब electricity pass नगर

ममा भएका विशुद्ध तत्त्व

plate off हुने छैन

मलाई मेरो मार्गबाट reflect गरी

फेरि त्यो ठाउँमा ल्याउनु

vacuumमा ध्वनि

सुन्नु सरि हो

ममा Newton देख्न छोडिदेऊ

किनकि म स्याउ त भरेको

देख्न सक्छु तर

देखेर पनि देख्न सकिदैन

ममा Einstein खोज छोडिदेऊ

किनकि तिमी त्यो खोजीमा निस्क्ने

दुस्साहस गयौ भने

त्यो black holeले तिमीलाई सखाप पार्ने छ

त्यसैले बुझ मेरो पीडा..।

मलाई जुनसुकै hormone देऊ,

त्यसैले कुनै सुधार गर्ने छैन

ममा जेसुकै transplant गर

त्यसको नतिजा केवल rejectionनै हुनेछ

त्यो कदापि accept हुने छैन

आज ममा यति dilution भइसक्यो कि

मेरो अस्तित्व नै लोप भइसक्यो

यति सूक्ष्म भइसके कि

तिमीले त के

कुनै microscopeले पनि देख्न सक्दैन

त्यसैले बुझ मेरो पीडा..।

Filter गरी precipitate निकाल जस्तो  
सहज छैन यो

बेफ्वाँकमा लामो प्रतीक्षा गरी  
तरल पदार्थ सरि मबाट  
सुनौलो त के निलो

crystal समेत निकाल सक्दैनौ  
जितिसुकै प्रयत्न गर

तिमीले कल्पेको प्रगतिपथमा  
मैले कदापि terminal velocity  
आर्जन गर्न सक्दिन

किन बुभ्दैनौ कि  
ममा सेतो प्रकाश पठाई  
सप्तरङ्गी नतिजा किमार्थ पाउने छैनौ  
त्यसैले बुझ मेरो पीडा..।

म यति धृणा र उत्पीडनको  
भागिदार भइसके कि  
आज मलाई ज्ञात छ त केवल  
repulsive forceको  
ममा inertia छ तर  
उत्पीडन अनि शोषित भावनाको  
तिमी मलाई खुला वायुमण्डलमा लिन चाहन्छौ  
तर म सानो test tubeमै हराई रहेछु  
अनि volatile भइ उडेर सकिइ रहेछु  
किनकि ममा कुनै  
laws of conservation लागु हुँदैन  
त्यसैले बुझ मेरो पीडा..।

म यति deflect भइसके कि  
तिमी galvanometer ले पनि  
त्यो नाज्ञ सक्दैन  
म यस्तो भैसके कि  
ममा कुनै पनि solvent प्रयोग गर्नु  
केवल फगत प्रयास मात्रै हो  
किन बुभ्दैनौ कि  
म कुनै मुटु होइन  
जसलाई ज्ञात नै छैन थकाइ के हो  
त्यसैले बुझ मेरो पीडा..।

मलाई जितिसुकै voltage देऊ

मबाट केही इमिट हुने छैन

voltage जितिसुकै high होस्

आज मलाई स्वीकार्य छ

phosgeneको प्रहार पनि

आज मलाई स्वीकार्य छ

किनकि आज मैले पाएँ

मित्रताको नतिजा

निस्वार्थ अनि निश्चल मित्रताको

जुन conc. acid भन्दा भयानक छ

अनि सखाप पारि दियो मेरो भावनालाई

endpointमा रङ उडे जसरी

उडाइ दियो मेरो भावनालाई, मलाई उजाड पारी  
त्यसैले बुझ मेरो पीडा..।

तिमी मलाई छोडिदेऊ

छोडिदेऊ कल्पना गर्न कि

तिमी र म मिली couple बन्न सक्छौ

अनि पैदा गर्न सक्छौ torqueलाई

किनकि म त केवल तिमो

limiting factor बन्ने छु

resonanceको त आश नै नगर

किनकि तिमो natural frequencyसँग

मेरो आर्जित frequency

किमार्थ मेल खान सक्दैन

त्यसैले बुझ मेरो पीडा..।

गाथा अधिकारी (N2)

गाथा अधिकारी (N2)

# म द मेटो कर्तव्य

सुन्न बिष्ट (A2)

“मैले यी गुराँसका कलिला मुनाहरूलाई त्यसै सुक्न दिनु हुन्ना।”

म अरू जस्तै एक सामान्य केटो हुँ। म परिवारको एक व्यक्ति, समाजको एक सहिष्णु सदस्य र नेपालको एक कर्तव्य-निष्ठ नागरिक हुँ। म पृथ्वीरूपी सुन्दर बगैँचाको एक जिम्मेवार माली हुँ। म मेरा पुर्खाहरूको सपना साकार पार्ने वर्तमानको एक सक्षम सारथी हुँ। मैले विगतलाई राम्ररी विचार गरेर आगतको सुनैलो आकृति कोर्नु छ, पुर्खाहरूको इज्जत थामेर भविष्यका सन्ततीहरूलाई जीवनको बाटो देखाउनु छ। मैले एक असल राष्ट्रको निर्माण गर्नु छ र यस सुन्दर धर्तीको जगेन्ना गर्नु छ।

म पूर्वी नेपालको भोजपुर जिल्लामा जन्मेको एक सामान्य ठिठो, मेरा बुवाआमा पेसाले शिक्षक र शिक्षिका हुनुहुन्छ। म उहाँहरूका सन्तान मध्य ज्येष्ठ सुपुत्र। समाजमा भन्ने गरिन्छ जेठो बाठो तर म त्यस अन्तर्गत पर्छु जस्तो मलाई लाग्दैन। कुनै बेला पूर्वको कर्णाली भनेर परिचित थियो मेरो गृह जिल्ला भोजपुर। अझै पनि केही हदसम्म हालत त्यस्तै नै छ। मलाई मेरा बुवाले भन्ने गर्नु हुन्यो, “हेर केटा, अब तैले यस ठाउँमा केही गनै पर्छ।” मैले यो भनाइ अझै सम्भक्ष राखेको छु।

मेरो समाज छुवाछुतको कुथारणाबाट अझै मुक्त हुन सकेको छैन। युरि गागरिनले अन्तरिक्षको यात्रा गरेको आधा शताब्दी भन्दा बढी हुन लागि सक्यो। निल आर्मस्ट्रिडले चन्द्रमामा पाइला राखेको चार दशक बित्न लागि सक्यो, ऐनले जातभात र छुवाछुतको अमानवीय कुप्रथालाई कानुनी रूपमा निराकरण गरेको पनि जुगै बिति सक्यो तर अझै माथिल्लो घरको पिँढी कामी पल्लाघर पुरेत बाको घरको मझेरी देख्ल पाएको छैन। अझै पनि गाउँको साहिला सार्की मरेको चौपाया स्याहार्न बाध्य छन्। अझै पनि नियतिले ठिगाएका विधवा तथा बृद्ध आमाहरूलाई बोक्सीको आरोप लगाएर यस समाजले अभक्ष खुवाइरहेको छ। एउटै ईश्वरका सन्तान देवस्थलहरूमा उपस्थित भएर आस्थाका फुलपाती चढाउन पाएका छैनन्। छि ! छि ! एककाइसौ शताब्दीलाई यी घाउ खटिराहरू मैले कसरी देखाउनु ? अब मैले सगरमाथमको गर्विलो शिर त्यसै भुक्न दिनु हुन्न। जन्मिदै धनी र गरिबको पगरी यस्तो समाजको मैले जरैदेखि निर्मल गर्नु छ।

मेरो राष्ट्र अहिले भ्रष्टचारको अगेनामा निरिह भएर पिल्सरहेको छ। भ्रष्टचारीहरूले नै यहाँ सबभन्दा सम्मानित

जीवन बिताईरहेका छन्। पसिना बगाउने गरीबहरूले यहाँ निम्न वर्गका मान्छेका रूपमा तिरस्कृत हुनु परिरहेको छ। यी भ्रष्टचारी, चोर, डाँका, कालो बजारीया, शोसक, सामन्त जाली फटाहाहरूलाई नझ्याएर श्रम र पसिनाको मूल्यबोध गराउनु म आफ्नो कर्तव्य ठानिरहेछु। कोही महिनै पिच्छे बिहे गर्छन् र बम्बैका वेश्यालयहरूमा लगेर हाम्रा चेलिहरूलाई बेचिरहेछन्। कोही यिनै सतीसावित्रीहरूका फरिया फाट्दा रमिता मानेर हेरिरहेछन्। म ती निरीह नेपाली नारीहरूको सच्चा माइती हुनु आफ्नो कर्तव्य ठानि रहेछु। सतीसावित्रीहरूका देशको सान्दर्य तिनको शीलस्वभाव र नेपाली पहिरनमा होइन, विदेशी पहिरनमा भुन्डिन लागि रहेका छन्। म तिनीहरूलाई नेपाली हुनुभन्दा ठुलो इज्जत हाम्रा लागि कोही हुनैन भन्ने बोध गराउन चहान्छु। कोही यहा राष्ट्रको लिलाम गरेर नेता बन्न खो-जिरहेछन्। वेवारिसे बालबालिकाहरू यहाँ बाटावाटामा बेसाहारा भएर जीवनसँग सङ्घर्ष गरिरहेका छन्। मैले यी गुराँसका कलिला मुनाहरूलाई त्यसै सुक्न दिनु हुन्न। नेपाली आमाका निर्दोष सन्तानहरू विदेशमा घाँटी रेटिनु हुन्न। नवजवान नेपाली युवाहरू को पसिना पौरख अरबको मरुभूमिमा पोखिनु हुन्न। धनी बन्ने लालसामा आमाको इज्जत बेचिनु हुन्न।

नेपाल कल्पनाको सागर बोकेको देश हो। यहाँ मोती फलन सक्छ, ज्योति बल्न सक्छ, एफिल ठिडिन सक्छ, अनि यहाँ इतिहास रचिन सक्छ। यहाँ सौख्यको सगरमाथा छ, कामनाको कंचनजङ्गा छ, गौरवको गण्डकी अनि माधुर्यको माछ्हापुच्छे छ। यहाँ मैले सम्पूर्ण नेपालीमा यी कुराको बोध गराउनु छ। सबै किसिमका भेदभाव विसर्ग मान्छे-मान्छे बिचको सम्बद्धलाई गाढा बनाउनु र यस धर्तीको अपार प्राकृतिक बैभवलाई अक्षत रूपमा भविष्यका सन्तती समक्ष हस्तान्तरण गर्नु नै म आफ्नो परम कर्तव्य ठानि रहेको छु।

मैले अशिक्षाका अङ्गारामा अक्षरहरूको दियो सल्काउदै हिँडनु छ। देशवासीका ढुकढुकीमा राष्ट्रियताको ज्योति बाल्दै हिँडनु छ, र विश्व परिवेशमा मर्दै गएको मानवतालाई पुनः ब्युत्ताउनु छ। म जन्मिदा रितै आएको थिए, मर्दा पनि रितै जानेछु तर जीवनमा भने थुप्रै कर्तव्यहरूको पालना गर्नु छ।

# आमा दिरामी हुनुहुन्दै

आमा सिकिस्त हुनुहुँदो रहेछ, स्याहारसुसार गर्ने कहाँ गएछन्  
 ए देखेँ देखेँ, तर औषधीको सदामा विष पो खुवाइ रहेछन्  
 आफै सन्तति कस्ता निर्दयी, आमाको अस्तित्व भ्याइ रहेछन्  
 आमाको मुटु चोइटा पारी उनको सम्पत्ति पो छुट्याइ रहेछन्

आमाको यस्तो अवस्था हुँदा भावुक हुँदा मैले सोधैँ, “आमा हजुरको यस्तो अवस्था कसरी भयो ?”  
 आमाले भनिन्, “बाबु मेरो ख्याल गर्ने कोही छैन, उ मेरो ख्याल गर्ने सन्ततिहरू त पहिल्यै बितिसके,  
 अब मलाई माया गर्ने को छ र ?”

झट्ट पछाडि फर्केर हेरै मेरा दाजुभाइहरू त लडिरहेछन्  
 सम्पत्तिमा कुरा नमिलेर पो रहेछ सबै जना चाढिरहेछन्  
 ओहो, दाजुहरूको लडाइ सुरुमात्र के भाथ्यो रगतको खोला बगिहाल्यो  
 आमाको मुटुले यस्तो दुर्दशा कहाँ देख्न सक्यो र, आँसुको धारा वर्सि हाल्यो

आमाले रुदै भन्नुभयो, “आफ्नो सन्तान आफ्नो खुट्टामा उभिन नसकेको देख्दा साहो दुख लाग्दो रहेछ,  
 अर्काको भरमा बाँचेको देख्दा पीडा हुँदो रहेछ। यिनीहरूलाई पराईले आफूलाई नोकर बनाएको के  
 देख्छन्।”

यत्तिकैमा आमालाई प्यास लाग्यो तर यताउती पानी देखिन  
 पानी किनू कि भनी खल्तीमा छामे तर एक सुक्का पनि भेटिन  
 मेरो मनमा चिसोहावा चल्यो र देखेँ आमाको जिन्दगी कस्तो अँथ्यारो रहेछ  
 जति दुख दिए पनि आमालाई आफ्नौ सन्तान प्यारो हुँदो रहेछ

मैले निर्णय गरेँ कि अब कसैको आशा गर्दिन  
 आमाको उपचार गर्न आफै अगाडि सर्ने छु  
 आमा ती पाकेका घाउहरू म आफै भर्ने छु  
 हामी दाजुभाइहरू एक आपसमा लडेर किन दुखी पार्ने  
 आउ दाजुभाइहरू आमाको उपचार गरी आमालाई किन सुखी नपार्ने

आयाम अधिकारी (O2)

# मान्छे

किन  
यस संसारमा मनुष्य  
दैव  
बैंसको भोगी  
ईश्वर,  
जोवनको भोगी  
कसले पैसा बनायो  
कसले सम्पत्ति बनायो

ऊ नुन खान्छ  
ऊ सुन खान्छ  
खान मिल्ने जति सबै खान्छ  
भ्रष्टचारी, शोषक, विश्वासधारी  
हो उसको पहिचान  
कृतिमत्ताको मुस्कान छैव  
आफै चिहान बेचि दिन्छ  
ऊ आँसु पिउँछ  
ऊ रगत पिउँछ  
पिउन मिल्ने जति सबै पिउँछ  
घातक हो त्यसैले घृणित छ  
समाजमै ऊ कलङ्कित छ  
पैसाको धाकले हो कि  
बैंसको मातले  
सायद  
बाध्यताले हो कि  
ज्यान बेचि दिन्छ मान्छे  
इमान बेचि दिन्छ मान्छे  
हेर्दा हेर्दै पहिचान बेचि दिन्छ मान्छे

ऊ छोरी खोस्छ  
ऊ सुहाग खोस्छ  
खोस्न मिल्ने जति सबै खोस्छ  
रगतले रंगिएको सिउँदोमा  
ढाँगी ढाँग रचि रहन्छ  
ऊ जाल बुन्छ  
ऊ दाम तोक्छ  
चट्याडको बज्र भै

## मानवता नै हरायो

आकाशमा उडिरहेका चरालाई देखेर  
उड्ने रहर ममा पलायो  
तर हत्या र हिंसाको कालो बादल आकाशमा देखेर  
मेरो उड्ने आकोधा बिलायो ।

विश्वको विकसित भूतुक सरह  
विकासपथमा अगाडि बढ्न मलाई उत्साह जारयो  
तर विकासले त्याएको क्रमान्ति देखेर  
मेरो उत्साह हरायो ।

शान्तिको विश्वासिता रसाउन  
मलाई इच्छा तारयो  
तर शान्तिको खोजी गदागदे  
बुद्धको उपदेश बिलायो ।

आज मेरो मनमा फरि सउटा डर पलायो  
करै युनिन त होइन भालिपास  
मानव अस्तित्व विलायो ।  
आजको यो विश्वमा  
मानिसबाट मानवता नै हरायो ।

**पृथ्वी श्रेष्ठ (W2)**

बब्रीरहन्छ

स्वार्थको जालो जेलि रहन्छ  
षड्युन्त्रका तानाबाना बुनि रहन्छ  
कलम बेच्यो, मलम बेच्यो  
ज्यान बेचि दिन्छ मान्छे  
इमान बेचि दिन्छ मान्छे  
हेर्दा हेर्दै पहिचान बेचि दिन्छ मान्छे

**मोनालिसा पराजुली (P2)**

## न्याय नपाएकी नारी

आफूलाई अरूमाभ परिचित गराउँदा  
 मेरो पहिचान हुन्छ 'नारी'  
 हो, म त्यही नारी हुँ  
 जसले अनेकौं पीडा सहेर  
 देशको भविष्यलाई जन्म दिएकी छु  
 अपार माया र ममताका साथ  
 एउटा परिवार सम्हालेकी छु ।

हो, म त्यही अभागी महिला हुँ,  
 जसले दिनरात एउटा जँड्याहाको  
 पीडादायक बचन, खटन र लातहरू खपेकी छु  
 बोक्सीको आरोपमा पटक-पटक  
 मलमूत्र पनि खाएकी छु  
 न्यायको आवाज उठाउँदा  
 निर्मम यातना पाएकी छु ।

हो, म त्यही अवला नारी हुँ,  
 जो धार्मिक सामाजिक परम्पराका नाउँमा  
 बधुँवा गाई भै बन्धनमा बाँधिएकी छु  
 आफ्ना इच्छा-आकाङ्क्षा बन्धक राखी  
 अरूकै लागि बाँचेकी छु ।

म एक निरीह प्राणी भै  
 गाउँ, सहर, सडक र गल्लीहरूमा,  
 आवाराहरूको जिस्काउने साधन बनेकी छु  
 आफ्नै सहकर्मी र आफन्तबाट  
 असुरक्षित हुदै आएकी छु  
 न्यायको आवाज उठाउँदा  
 निर्मम यातना पाएकी छु ।

हो, म त्यही नारी हुँ,  
 जो आफ्नो इज्जत र अस्मिता जोगाउन नसकी  
 लाचार भएर बाँचेकी छु  
 अनगिन्ती पीडा सहेर पनि  
 अर्काकै लागि हाँसेकी छु  
 आफ्ना इच्छा-आकाङ्क्षा बन्धक राखी  
 अरूकै लागि बाँचेकी छु ।



—कृतिका बराल (L1)

## राष्ट्रियता भुल्नेहरू

सबै मिली बसेका हौ तराई, पहाड, हिमाल  
एकतामै अडेको छ हाम्रो राष्ट्र नेपाल  
विविध जाति, भाषा, धर्म, संस्कृतिको वैभव  
मेटाउदै छन् बेइमानहरू हाम्रो राष्ट्रको गौरव

इमानको कुरा भन्दा धनको बोली बोल्नेहरू  
स्वाभिमान गुमाउदैछन् फेसनमा हिँडनेहरू  
विदेशको कल्पनामा स्वदेशलाई भुल्नेहरू  
धर्तीका भार हुन् यिनी राष्ट्रियता भुल्नेहरू

पहिला पहिला हुन्थ्यो यहाँ ढोग र नमस्कारको  
अहिले चल्न थाल्यो भड्कार हाई र बाई-बाईको  
आफ्नो संस्कृतिलाई सबैतिर विर्सिएर  
भौतारिन्छन् युवाहरू बिदेशी संस्कृतिलाई अंगालेर

कालो कपाल रड्गाएर रातो बनाउने किन ?  
दोहोरी गीत विर्सिएर अड्ग्रेजी पप गाउने किन ?  
देशकै हित गर्दू भनी सत्ता कुर्सी धाउने किन ?  
अरूको अवलम्बन गरी आफ्नो भेष मार्ने किन ?  
राष्ट्रे प्रजा रहे पनि राष्ट्रियता भुल्ने किन ??

**जेहेन्द्र अधिकारी (S2)**

## सरकार

एकचोटि सुनकोसीमा आँखा गढाऊ सरकार  
सुनकोसीकै छातिभित्र मुन्टो अढाऊ सरकार

अस्ति यति, हिजो यति आज यति गर्दार्गाई  
मारिए जनता सबै, बुझ्मा चढाऊ सरकार

रगत चुसेर खान्छै, पानी दिन गाहो मान्छै  
अब भुँडी घटाएर बुद्धि बढाऊ सरकार

गरिब-गरिब जोड्दाखेरि धनी हुनुपर्छ अब  
राउटे र कुसुन्डालाई गृह खडाऊ सरकार

बैसालु केटी जस्तै, रातमा सधै बेपत्ता हुन्छ  
चाहिदैन विजुलीको खम्बा लडाऊ सरकार

एक चोक्टा मात्रै पनि देशको भाग भए  
विस्तारवादको विरुद्धमा औला ठड्याऊ सरकार

एक चोटि सुनकोसीमा आँखा गढाऊ सरकार  
सुनकोसीकै छातिभित्र मुन्टो अढाऊ सरकार।

**शिव सापकोटा (F2)**



## आजको मान्छे !

काँडासरि घोच्ने मायासँगै बाँच्दो रै'छ मान्छे ।  
 मनभित्र गाँठो पारी प्रेम साँच्दो रै'छ मान्छे ।  
 सोच्दा सोच्दै उसलाई पाउने सपना साँच्दो रै'छ मान्छे ।  
 प्रेम सफल भयो भन्दै आँगनीमा नाँच्दो रै'छ मान्छे ।

कटुसत्य यथार्थलाई चकनानुर गर्ने माया,  
 कति सम्म निगरूरी छ ऊ भनी जाँच्दो रै'छ मान्छे ।  
 खुकुरीको धारमा पनि हिँडन तयार हुने माया,  
 दुई मनको मिलन भए मुसुमुसु हाँस्दो रै'छ मान्छे ।

फुल भनी काँडा टिप्पै जन्मदाता भुलेहरू,  
 प्रेमको गहिराइमा डुब्दै पढाइ नाँस्दो रै'छ मान्छे।  
 मनका रहर जहरसँगै यमराजकहाँ दिनेहरू,  
 बाहिर-बाहिर जे भने नि फोटो उसकै टाँस्दो रै'छ मान्छे।

जीवन साथी नपाएर आत्महत्या गर्नेहरू,  
 कति ठुलो रहस्य छ माया भाँच्दो रै'छ मान्छे ।  
 भुठो हो कि यथार्थ हो माया किन्वा रै'छन यहाँ  
 प्रेम केहो थाहै नपाई भुठो माया गाँस्दो रै'छ मान्छे ।

—उमेश रोकाया (R2)

## आमा

तिमीसँग टाढा हुँदाको दर्द बल्ल थाहा पाएकी छु  
 आमा तिमी यहाँ नभए पनि तिमीसँग प्रित लाएकी छु  
 तिम्रो सन्तान हुनुको अपार खुसी पाएकी छु  
 तिम्रै प्रेरणाले गर्दा त म यहाँसम्म आएकी छु ।

तिमीले सानोमा सम्फाउँदा कराएको भनी रोएकी छु  
 कस्ता नमिठा कुराले तिम्रो कोमल मनलाई छुवाएकी छु  
 तिमीले दिएको खाना नखाएर तिमीलाई रुवाएकी छु  
 अहिले आएर तिम्रो काखमा रुने अवसर मैले गुमाएकी छु ।

—अलका श्रेष्ठ (G1)

मैले तिमीसँग बस्दा तिम्रो औचित्य नै बुझिनछु  
 तिमी मसँग हुँदा तिमीलाई आफ्नो आवश्यकता मानिनछु  
 तिमीलाई आत्मीय साथी भै ठान्नु पर्ने मैले ठानिनछु  
 आमा तिम्रो आदर गर्नलाई पहिलै मैले जानिनछु ।

आमा, मेरो चिन्ता नगर अब, तिम्रो आशीर्वादले कुशल छु  
 तिमीसँग टाढा हुँदाको दुखलाई तिम्रै सम्भनामा भुलेकी छु  
 तिमीलाई हेर्न मन लागेकाले चाँडै नै घर आउदै छु  
 अरु भन्दा तिम्रै खुसीका लागि मन लाएर पढ्दै छु ।



# यी अश्रुका वेदना

उनी आउँछिन्;

उनी आउँछिन् हरेक रजनीको त्यस अन्धकारमा

आशाको अशु लिएर साथमा

उनी आउँछिन् अझै पनि मेरो स्वप्नमा

आफ्नो मनको शोक र पीडा बोकेर साथमा

उनका ती आशापूर्ण नयनहरू

र ती नयनबाट बग्ने हरेक अश्रु

अनि जीवनमा कहिल्यै नपुरिएको उनको मनको त्यस चोटले

हरपल केही व्यक्त गर्न खोजद्दू मलाई

केही आभास गराउन चाहन्दू मलाई

तापनि थाहा छैन किन

आभास गर्न सकेकी छैन मैले उनको मनको त्यस गथासोलाई

आभास गर्न सकेकी छैन मैले उनको हृदयमा आवृत ती

भावनाहरूलाई

आजको यस कोलाहको संसारमा एक्सोपनले बाँधिएकी छु म

म र मेरो अतीतसँग गाँसिएका हरेक सूत्र चुँडिएको छ आज

म मानिसहरूको समीप जान्छु, अशिष्ट अनि कटुभाषी

थुक्छन्, धृणा गर्दैन् उनीहरू मलाई देखेर

धिक्कार्द्दू, तिरस्कार गर्दछ समाजले पनि मलाई

आज वास्तवमा नै एक छोरी, एक नारी समाजका निमित बोझ

बन्न पुगेकी छ

कालो घटाले ढाकिएको यस जीवन अनि यिनै कालो बादलका

बिच

आशाको किरणको खोजीमा रुमल्लिएकी छु म आज

त्यस अन्धकारमय रात आज पनि मेरो नयन सामु भुलिरहन्छ

अशु भरच्छन् मेरा, यी नयनबाट

तर मेरा यी आँसुहरू पुर्छिदिने कोही छैन यहाँ

विवश र लाचार

अनि यस धृणाले अलड्कूत जीवनलाई

मृत्युतर्फ मोड्न चाहन्दू म

तर यी पाइलाहरू थामिन्छन्

मेरा यी पाइलाहरू थामिन्छन् र एक नवीन उषाको खोजीमा

अघि बढ्न चाहन्छन्

हो, विवश र लाचार छु म आज

तर कमजोर भने छैन म अझै

थामिएका यी पाइलाहरू न्यायको पथमा अघि बढाउने छु म

आफ्नो स्वच्छता पुष्टि गर्न अघि बढ्ने छु म

तिरस्कारको सारा बन्धनलाई तोडी अघि बढ्ने छु म

उनी आउँछिन् पुनः

उनका ती आशापूर्ण नयनहरूले व्यक्त गर्दैन्

"बढ तिमी अघि, धैरै अघि

तिरस्कारको सारा बन्धनलाई तोडी

बढ, तिमी अघि आफ्नो न्याय प्राप्तिका लागि"

यी नयनबाट बग्ने अशुलाई पुछछु म

हो, बढ्ने छु म अघि तिरस्कारको सारा बन्धनलाई तोडी

लइने छु म न्याय प्राप्तिका लागि

र जिउने छु म जीवन एक स्वाभिमानी ।

**\_कृपा महर्जन (C1)**

# मेरी प्रृत्ति

मेरो प्रश्न छ !

कस्तो आसन हो यो ?

भाइ मार्दा मर्द हुने

शान्ति र प्रेमको माला गाँस्दा

नामर्द हुने

मेरो प्रश्न छ !

कस्तो चलन हो यो ?

समाजले धिक्कारेको गुन्डा मर्दा

संसद् बन्द हुने

सुन्कोसीले निमुखाको संसार बगाउँदा

सभासदको भत्ता खाने बाटो हुने

कालीकोटमा सिटामोल नपाएर छट्पटाउँने

ब्वासाहूरु चुरोटले फोक्सो गल्दा

अमेरिका जाने,

कस्तो चलन हो यो ?

मेरो प्रश्न छ !

कस्तो समाज हो यो ?

‘डिभी’ पर्दा फलानाको छोरो

अमेरिका जाने भनेर

टोलटोलमा चर्चा चल्ने,

देशलाई पाल्ने किसानको छोरोलाई

झुत्रे हली भनेर जिस्काउने,

कस्तो समाज हो यो ?

मेरो प्रश्न छ !

कस्तो संस्कार हो यो ?

गाँजा र चरेसको नसामा

आमालाई रुवाउनेहरू डन भनेर चिनिने,

आमाको काख सम्फेर

आँसु पुछ्नेको हात काटिने

कस्तो संस्कार हो यो ?

मेरो प्रश्न छ !

कस्तो नाटक हो यो ?

सात देशका छिमेकी आउँदा

सरकारी ढुकुटी रित्याएर

देशको रूपै फेरेर सत्कार गरिने,

गाउँ-गाउँमा पुल नभएर बगाउँदै गर्दा

विद्यार्थीहरू पुस्तक नपाएर

पढ्न नपाउँदा

उपचार नपाएर मर्दै गर्दा

बेरोजगारीले छट्पटाउँदै गर्दा

र राष्ट्र बनाउन

एउटा कलम मागै गर्दा

वास्ता नगरिने

कस्तो नाटक हो यो ?

मेरो प्रश्न छ !

कस्तो देश हो यो ?

गुन्डागर्दी, भोकमरी र भ्रष्टाचारले

जनता कानुनको आसमा अल्फने

हजारौं सहिद हुँदा विध्वंशकारीले

छ चोटिसम्म संविधान नवनाउने

कस्तो देश हो यो ?

हो, म यसको उत्तर खोज्दै छु

मेरी आमाको काखको कसम

मैले प्रत्येक ढुकढुकीमा लिने

श्वासको कसम

र नेपाल आमाको कसम

सबैसँग मिलेर गर्ने छु म क्रान्ति

ठोकुवा गर्दू देशमा उज्यालो छ्वाँदै

ल्याउने छु समृद्धि र शान्ति ।

**आर्यन बाबू काकी (W2)**

# मेरो हारेको जीवन

मैले जीवन हारेको छु,  
जहाँ चोट अनि  
दुखको रास भरेको छु ।  
पाइलै पिच्छे धोकाका कैयौं  
धपेडी भोगेको छु ।  
त्यो किन होला ?  
म समाजको एक निरीह पात्र  
समाज जहाँ निस्वार्थको  
फरक छु,  
जो आफूलाई दुनियाँको मालिक सम्फन्छु।  
ती टाउकेहरू,  
जसको कार्यमा लेखाजोखा गर्दिन,  
आफूलाई तिनको स्वरूपमा ढालिन,  
उनीहरू समाजमा पापमुक्त घोषित हुन्छन्,  
अनि म पापको बोझ बोक्छु ।  
जान्छु कचौरा बोकेर पशुपतिको शरणमा,  
त्यो पाप पखाल्न प्रयत्न गर्दु  
ती सामाजिक ठानिने पाप पखालेकासँग  
मारछु दुई चार पैसा भिख,  
सोच्छु सामाजिक नियतिहरू,  
जो नियतिमा गिरेको छ,  
उसको सल्लाहले मेरो पेट भरिन्छ ।  
कैयौं यस्ता भिखहरूले मलाई  
जीवन हारेको दर्साउँछन् ।

म समाजको ऐना अगाडि उभिन्छु,  
चिहाउँछु, नियाल्छु,  
मेरो तस्विर पोतिएको देख्छु ।  
त्यो अनुहार समाजसँग मेरो खादैन,  
समाजले,  
निष्क्रियताको रास खोज्छ,  
भलाईको नाटक रन्छ,  
हेलाको माध्यम निकाल्छ,  
त्यस्तो ऐनामा म कसरी देखिन्छु  
जो मेरो सोच विपरीत छ ।

म आफूलाई हारेको ठान्छु,  
कारण, समाजमा मेरो खाँदिन ।

म नियतिको घेरामा उभिन्छु,  
त्यस्ता अनियमित सामाजिक उचनिच,  
समाल्ने प्रयत्नमा जुट्न सकिदैन ।  
औजारहरू थुप्रै छन्,  
मैले भाषणको बल प्रयोग गरें भने  
समाजले आलोचनाको औजार उठाउँछ ।  
मैले विकासको बल प्रयोग गरें भने  
समाजले कानुनकै खुकुरी उठाउँछ ।  
चिनेको छु, त्यो समाजलाई,  
जस्तो छ त्यसैमा सन्तुष्ट छ ।  
मैले त्यो सबै व्रहमाण्ड देखेको छु,  
बस्न सकिदैन त्यस्तो दुनियाँमा,  
तर पनि म बाँचेको छु,  
चुपचाप सहेर सामाजिक घेराहरू ।  
हारेको परिभाषासँग मिल्दो जुल्दो जिन्दगी,  
त्यसै त पोखिरहन्छ सामाजिक अभिलाषा,  
आफूबाट भिन्न लाग्ने समाजमा,  
त्यहाँ जहाँ चोट खाएको  
महसुस म गर्दै छु ।  
लाग्छ बदल्ने प्रयत्नमा म मात्र,  
एक असफल पात्र होइन,  
दुनियाँ छ, आफै दलदलमा ।  
त्यही अपत्यारिलो लाग्ने समाजमा,  
डुबेको सामाजिक नग्नतामा,  
आफूले नमानी नमानी  
जीवन सुम्पनु छ ।

—भुवन भण्डारी (H1)



## Heavy Moonlight

Utter Silence surrounds me,  
As I cling to myself,  
In the warmth of,  
The cold chilly moonlight.

I can see the earth burning  
To light up my mind,  
And see the unseens,  
Of what's straight and behind.

Cold and breezy wind whispers to me,  
To pass a message of sight,  
Through the sounds of mist moving,  
In this golden moonlight.

Clouds surround the moon again,  
But everything is clear I feel,  
Because soon the light will penetrate,  
And shine through my soul to heal  
All the misery and fear of pain,  
But I'm happy in this cold night  
Cause I'm in the warmth of the heavy  
moonlight.

KSHITIZ KARKI  
(J2)

## Mannequin

All lonely and alone I stand,  
Nobody to understand me at all.  
World's reality has turned away from me,  
There's no one I've got to call.

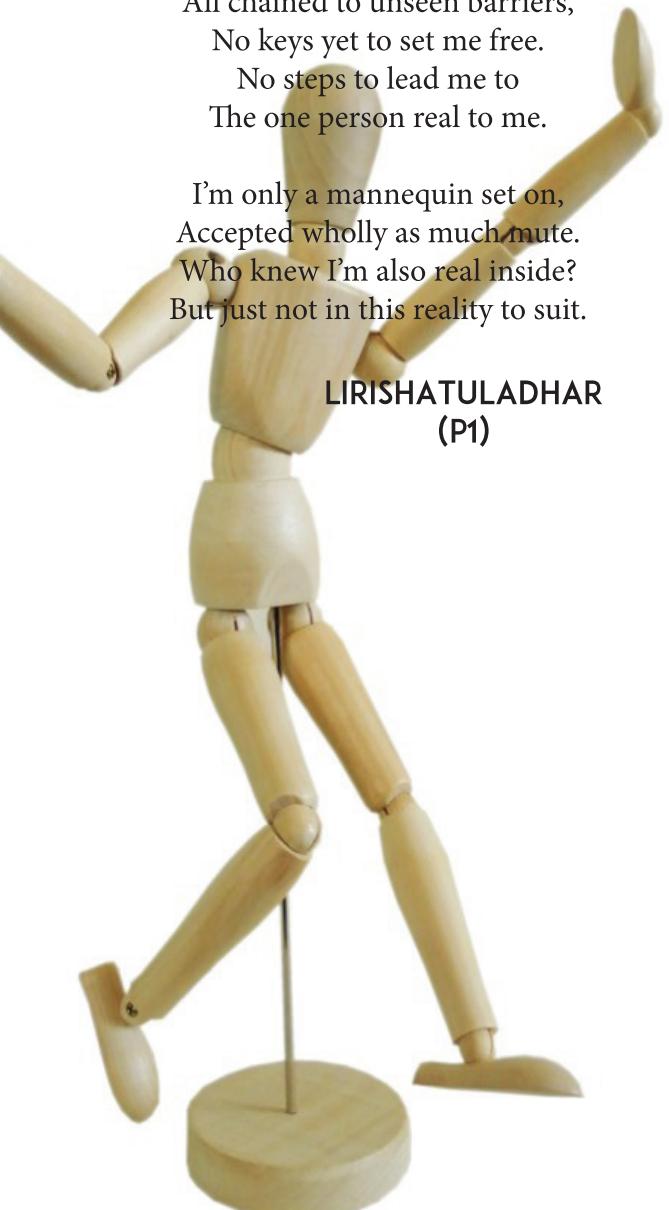
Tossed around here and there,  
No one cares the pain I feel.  
Taken about to unknown places,  
Opening wounds yet left to heal.

No ears to listen for,  
Unheard shouts of agony I scream.  
No inspiration to lead me on  
To the reality I dare to dream.

All chained to unseen barriers,  
No keys yet to set me free.  
No steps to lead me to  
The one person real to me.

I'm only a mannequin set on,  
Accepted wholly as much mute.  
Who knew I'm also real inside?  
But just not in this reality to suit.

LIRISHATULADHAR  
(P1)



# SHOULD I?

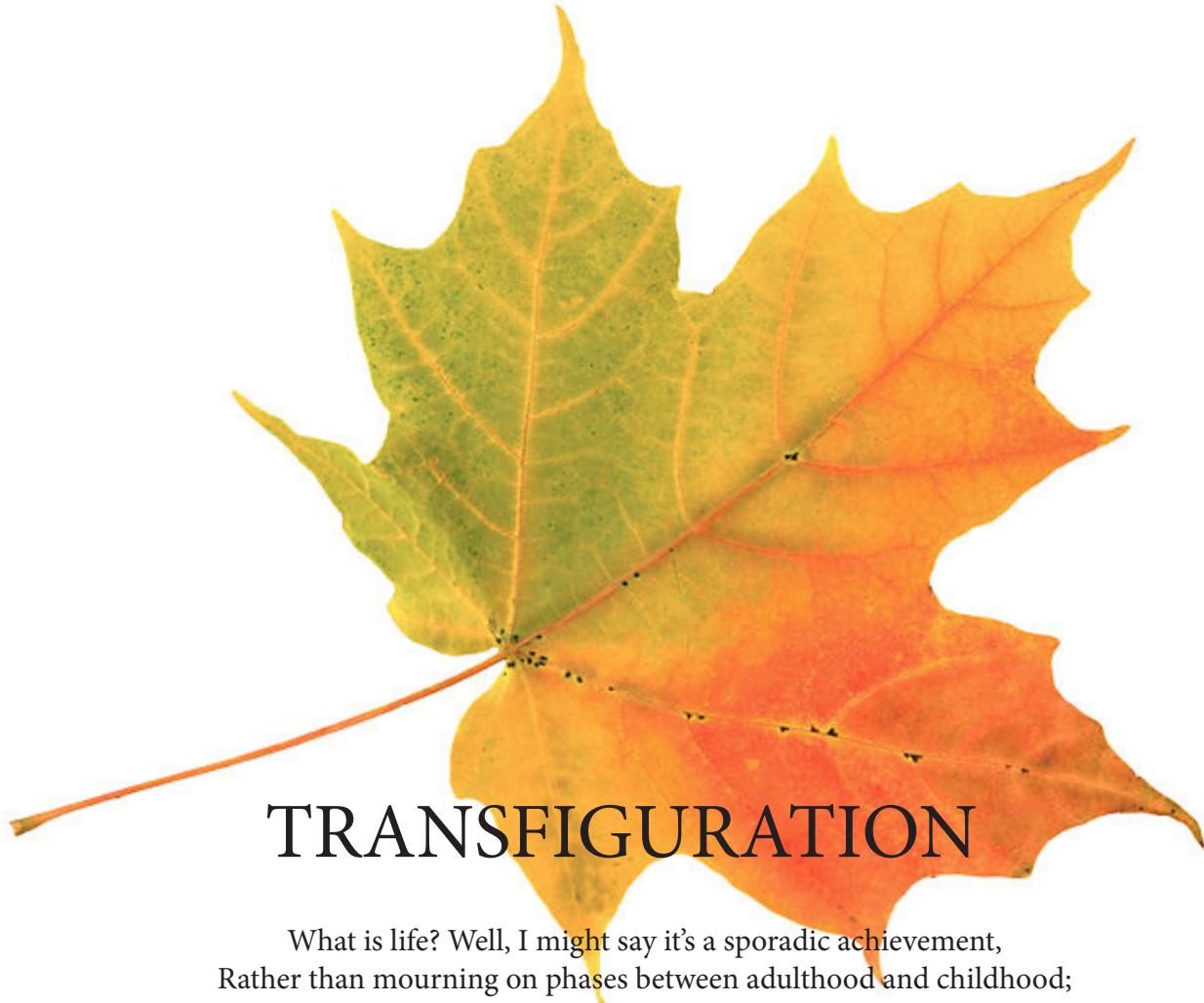


It's tough to move on  
 Carrying small reasons,  
 Small enough to break your  
 heart,  
 Strong enough to tear apart,  
 Who knows what happened?  
 Even I was all broken,  
 Those drops of thick tears;  
 Fate that had given,  
 It's hard to swallow them  
 And bring out that fake smile.  
 That betrayal was a demon  
 Or thirst that satisfied  
 Left behind were ragged clothes  
 Screaming with fear  
 Fear to drag my dreams back,  
 Fear to hide those wounds back.  
 Yes, I may be wrong,  
 Maybe I crossed the boundary  
 But what about those  
 Who pulled me off my purity?  
 If I say they are wrong  
 Society will chew me alive  
 Like food of their hunger.  
 One who was left to die?  
 And wet in blood, wounds  
 And dirty scratch as  
 Crying all the time for justice.  
 What if they are jailed?  
 Or hanged to a horrible death,  
 I won't get my purity  
 Nor those dreams.  
 Brother says move on,  
 So does my sister.  
 But is it that easy?  
 I know it hurts,  
 Kills me everyday.  
 But I can't move on  
 Forgetting yesterday.  
 The feel of love has lost  
 And lost is my world.  
 Now, living with the tears

And wound from the past.  
 Those broken hope  
 And faith I see,  
 Making me realize  
 I was the victim,  
 Victim of the society.

DEEPIKA AGRAWAL  
 (E2)





## TRANSFIGURATION

What is life? Well, I might say it's a sporadic achievement,  
Rather than mourning on phases between adulthood and childhood;  
On disparaging ground, it would rather be an unassailable truth  
Vindicated with the transfiguration and realm of time.

On comparable scenario, I see my soil as my figure of image.  
But I've seen it manifold, though, always been on an oblivion stage,  
Bulwarked by dark towards the abyss of preeminent thoughts,  
Only deluging enough for me to realize the wave of premonitions debacling even the antecedent in slots.

I may be just a curio goaded by uncompromising but annoying facts,  
Reeled and reneged by the air of urgency that would upgrade me to the empirical reeding stats,  
Air and voices named after the disciplinary rather provocative conferences of some statesmen  
Well, I'm a peacenik, I sought a languid accolading Lazarus but they sight for transfiguration on perspective of secularity and autonomousity.

I'm fed up rather distracted by their utopian sincerity.  
How could they even hauteur to us? We made them, we brought transfiguration.  
But now we exist in intangibility diminished by the thoughts of suffocative integrity.  
Let me flow, don't let just wait, let us transfigure again, let us hope again.

ANIL SIWAKOTI (U2)

## THE DEVIL YOU

Her feelings aren't any joke to laugh;  
 Her tears aren't for grabbing sympathy;  
 She is not any object to shatter,  
 A "human" with who you fulfill your thirst.

As the sun sets, her demand rises;  
 And her duty is to make you satisfy.  
 You don't care her pain  
 Because you are just happy to gain.

Every time her soul cries and  
 You can't hear it,  
 Because it needs a heart to hear  
 But you have a heart without any humanity there.

She is being trapped in a mass  
 Of human-faced devil like you,  
 And she doesn't know how to escape it.  
 She is worn out of fighting because  
 Every time she failed it.

Her dream is vanished,  
 But somewhere inside her  
 There is a hope,  
 Which helps her to live-  
 Among the devils like you.

SUBINA SAPKOTA (B1)



ALISHA SHRESTHA  
 (E2)



## GRANDMOTHER

A stretch of a mile on the face,  
 Melts the world  
 The specs and gray hair, so beautiful.  
 Not even nymphs compared  
 Wrinkles, making you even wiser  
 Roots of all, evergreen  
 So fascinating, so amusing  
 Your single step can transform the world,  
 Of being the predecessor, with the grief in  
 heart,  
 But happiness of your successor  
 Holds the lives regardless your own.  
 Like a dog  
 Like a tree  
 Like a sun  
 Like air...  
 For us always  
 Long live grandma, long live your love.



## First Day of College

Still the memories are fresh in my mind  
 The day I first came and stood in the line.  
 My heart skipped a beat as I moved down the stairs  
 Wild thoughts crossed my mind, I felt tense in the air...  
 I saw the room number, I saw my future friends  
 Excited as I was, I wondered how it ends.  
 As quite as I could be, I searched for empty seat  
 Summer season it was, unbearable was the heat...

So I sat in the last, just to observe every eye  
 Then a guy said "Hello", I replied him with a "Hi"-  
 Less that I knew, anything of his kind  
 Discovered a true friend in him, unlike other I could find...  
 As time went by, hours seemed to fly  
 With every teacher I met, my ambitions became high.  
 So ended my adventurous day of college  
 My very first day of college...

JUBINDRA KC (S2)

## new Beginning with my Love

I see the hopes rising from the horizon,  
 I even see a gloomy morning bringing a new desire again,  
 I feel life in a silent stone,  
 I hear the ocean singing heart taking songs.



They symbolize me in a rapid action,  
 As I have chosen life's beautiful section,  
 Forwarded from the boundary line with no pressure,  
 I am inhaling an aroma untouched from every danger.

This is how my life is filled with treasure,  
 Surviving a victory with full pleasure,  
 Clean and peaceful like the water and the dove,  
 I am capturing each moment of new beginning with my love.

ANIMA BHANDARI  
 (S2)

# SHE



Those beautiful flowers and sparkling light,  
She was happy, everything seemed so right.  
Only heard sound was melody of her bangles,  
Her hair perfectly stood behind without tangles.

And that smile was spreading magic in air.  
Today her charming face looked much fair,  
Her red lips were just ready to smile  
Waiting for husband coming from thousand mile.

Was waiting since years for this time to come.  
Dying to listen, "Dear, I am home"  
Looking out from window, her eyes seemed shy  
And her pounding heart – how can I deny?

Looking at the mirror, she rearranged her dress,  
Making all attempts to make him impress;  
With no patience, she walked here to there,  
The time, she will be with him was so near.

That time just came, she heard the knock,  
Rushed to hug him, opened the lock;  
Holding her breath, she opened the door,  
Oh no! Destiny again played with this poor.

All his promises and words turned lies,  
She didn't find his sparkling eyes,  
With his eyes closed, he lied there still,  
And his heartbeat – she couldn't feel.

It was just his body without the soul,  
Her bangle's melody now sounded like moan.  
No, it was not her, neither his fault  
Killed by demon, he was found in vault.

The country said, he was killed by mistake,  
Consoling her, they said they'll compensate.  
Those compensations couldn't bring him back to  
his wife,  
She lost her love, she lost her life.

Now her lips won't smile again,  
She has only got grief and pain.  
He died, they talked and forgot next day,  
Then her life was pitch dark without light ray.  
Nowadays, she gaze looking at the star;  
Thinking he must be one there so far  
Neighbors say, these days she don't talk,  
Some said, at night restless she walks.

Hungry she had nothing to feed,  
Her life was pointless, no one to lead.  
She was thrown out with no rent to pay  
Now, thereby the street she lay.

I saw her yesterday, covered by filth,  
I could do nothing, just felt guilt,  
She wandered here and there for food,  
Poor she! To her no one was good.

Today - she is the one whom you throw stone at.  
But you don't know how badly she was thrashed by  
fate  
Today – she is the one you laugh at and call mad,  
Yes! I know her pain and all I do is feel sad.

**AASMA SAPKOTA (R2)**



# UNFORGIVING

THE

I crept slowly with the assistance of my dark black hands along the pitch black walls. I was near the base of chimney. I stopped and slowly put my toe in the charcoal. I waved the stars, they wished me luck. I put my other leg down. I tried to maintain the dead silence of the thick darkness. The eyes could not see a thing not even my own foot. I was its cause for I had cut the mains.

She should be somewhere near; I crept out and found myself in much darker for the stars had farewell me. The darkness was its maximum for it was a new moon night. The darkness should have come there from hell. But, then darkness was what I preferred.

My pupil had conquered all of iris. I crept slowly, slower than death without letting even a small floorboard to creak. The roaches were learning from me to creep. I felt the wall with my invisible hand. I started towards the stairs, those stairs which hold many of my dead memories. I reached the dark staircase. I bent, bowed and put my hands on forward stairs and started to crawl again. Nothing-nothing was visible I was alone with my hands, my amplified senses and my pounding heart. I could feel my heartbeat in my brain. I felt like my mind was pounding. I felt the blood through each of my veins.

I could hear the heart still not ready, but my mind was determined. I crept and crawled without letting a small sound to born and reached the first floor. A small frightened ray made my iris victorious again. The light was coming from her room. I crawled a bit further and reached near the door. I could hear her soft voice. She was saying something, cursing the lights I guess. I paid scant attention to her words for my ambition was to tear her to stop her heart that had hurt me.

I didn't move when I heard the floorboard creaking inside the room. After a while

*"The floorboard didn't creak for a man with death in his mind was above it"*

the chair's sound was heard. I crunched my eyes reaching the floor.

The candle on the study table was fighting with the darkness. It was watching me, it was staring at me. Illuminated by the candle's light, I saw her back covered with long lush of hair turning towards me. She faced the window and her hands were on the table. The curtains were on so nothing of inside was visible. I stood very slow slower slowly than death.

I approached her silently very silently. The candle was scared, it grew dimmer. My determined brain controlled each and every senses of my body. The floorboard didn't creak for a man with death in his mind was above it. I kept on moving slowly, my legs were full of sweat which made the floor below them wet. I felt a drop about to drip from my brow; I cleared it with my hand for it may have had disturbed the silence of death. My heart was already dead which helped in maintaining the silence. It forgot pounding. I could hear her heartbeat which was going to stop soon.

Death was behind her and she didn't know. Ha! Nobody knows where death is or will be. I was already just behind her. My revengeful eyes were upon her. I brought my hand to my back and took the knife which had been waiting for its turn. Her heart that had hurt me was about to be stabbed.

With light speed, I seized her head, with one hand which covered her mouth.

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Her screams were muffled, her shrieks were muffled. I was bringing my blade to her neck. It collided with her hand and fell on the dead floor.

I held her with both of my hands and pulled her down. Bang! The chair banged on the floor which killed the dead silence. With one hand I held her neck and with the other her lips which I loved. She lied on the floor. I was upon her. Her hands were on my back tearing my skin. Her teeth were hurting my hand but still they muffled her screams. I squeezed her neck as tightly as possible with all my might. I could feel her scared it, its sound moment. My s t a m p s neighbours. with all my o f dead already? I was stimulated when her muted scream's vibrations stopped, she became still. She died I guess. I left her at once.

I stopped, caught my breath, I restrained and I hearkened. I heard-I heard her heart, her heart, it was still beating. I could hear it pound. She was only unconscious. My mind commanded me to ravish her. But I didn't for my heart was the girl whom I loved.

Her staring at me neck, her my hands reached the knife. I started having a flashback from her first word 'Hi!' to her last 'No!'; Stab-stab-stab, I stabbed her again and again. She bleed I stabbed she bleed I stabbed she bleed I stopped for I was out of my breath.

Blood came out of the crevice of her bosom which led to her heart. My hand reached her bosom. I felt its softness, I felt its stillness. Her heart had stopped. I, with my dead love in a pool of her blood. I who had been a fury stopped, I held her head, her hair, and I had killed her. Tears were dropping bit lips had anawful grin. I threw the knife it banged

on the wall. "Ha! I'd killed her" I shouted. I was suave, I'd killed her. I burst into derision which soon turned into cries. Tears were unstoppable downpour. I'd just killed her and it was my revenge and it was a blunder which never would be forgiven. I cannot myself. She was the one I loved. I stayed be-watching her, crying tears for she was her blood.

I saw blurred vi-the light for it

the knife with my sion. It shined crimson on of candle. It was delighted had killed someone for the first time. I brought that knife and lay besides her on the pool of blood. The blade that tore her skin, that pierced her heart, which killed her, was in my hand.

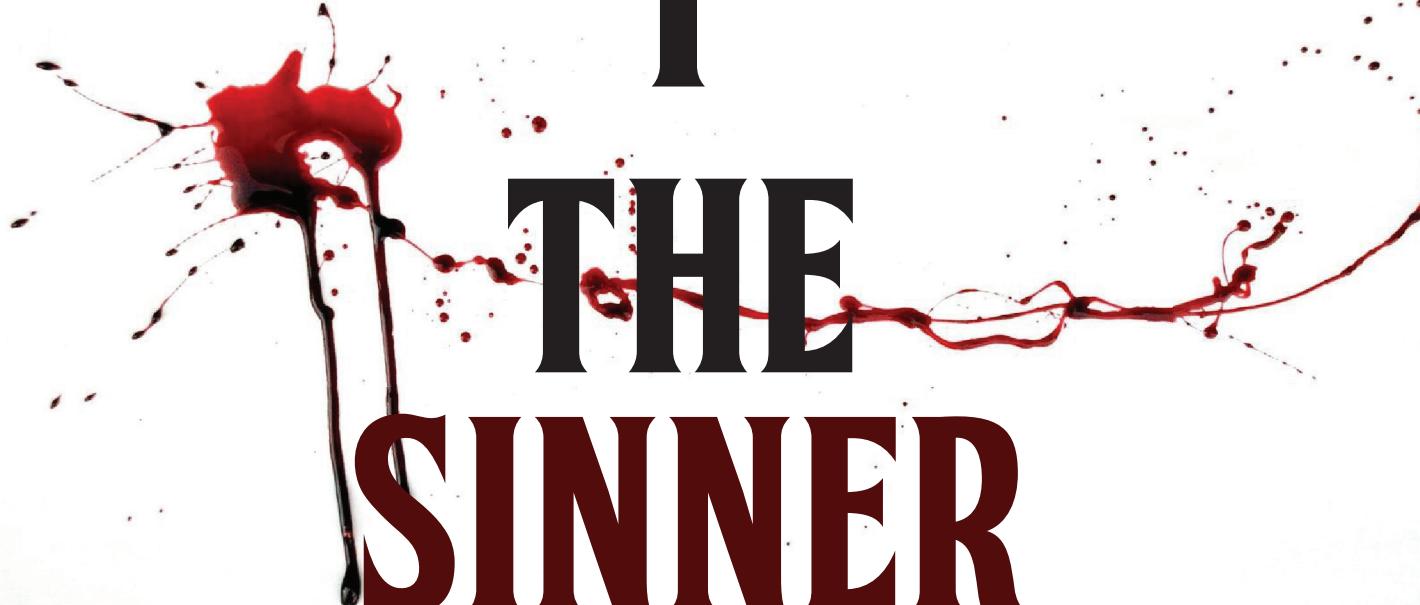
That blade that stooped someone's heart for the very first time stopped another one too. It pierced my heart. And there lies my dead body with my dead love in her dead room where the candle was still watching me. And, the Darkness conquered the Light forever.

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# I THE SINNER

“ As I run my pen on this fragile sheet of paper, there runs a life so miserable, gloomy- as blank of happiness as the white of the paper, and hopeless, I must add because it’s a futile spur to envisage existence hereafter.

The darkest shadow of the brightest sun showed 12, the time of noon. It was all dark; no more than the smoke that tied together the sky and the earth. Along with the smoke of fire of life, the stench of the putrid and the lifeless bodies stretched miles into the horizon. And then there appeared an old woman, carrying a cane to support her lethargic body in one hand, and in another holding a hand of a young but incomplete boy. Relaxed and unhurried, she toddled on that suffer land. Her face was burnt on one side; her body so curved; one can imagine a curve of a parabola. Her curled hair seemed like the frizzy

strands of dry coconuts and her clothes were torn and dusty as if she had been buried under the sand for a decade.

“How is the scene, mom?” the boy asked her. The fragile eyes of his had lost their sense before the end of the war. He saw them start, but now he couldn’t see them end. The war took his eyes and left him with blind breath, black soul.

“Eagles are hovering and the dogs have no time to pursue them,” said his mother. “They are working on the same corpses.” They, the old eyes, saw only the great big things not those small

flies that were going together with the eagles and the dogs because it was the time for the big things and the big powers. She started explaining to him how the corpses were lying one after another and resting one over another, and how the dogs and eagles were snatching the flesh. And, the boy felt someone being stepped on by his foot.

“I stepped on someone’s body but I couldn’t hear him yelping.” He signed and cried, “I think I have lost my hearing too, mom.”

“No dear son. People these days don’t yelp; they only feel pain. They are tired of yelping.

They have been crying a lot for all these years."

"How does the man look like?" the boy asked her.

"He looks like your elder brother," the woman said, paused a while, cried and continued, "a young laid wearing a completely different dress and containing a thousands of mysteries in him- he wears a Muslim cap but he is not a Muslim because he has a read Tika in his forehead- he can't be a Hindu; he wears a Christian necklace- he can't be a Christian because he looks like a monk by his clothes."

"Mom, there cant any such man. There can't be any man of no religion. There can't be any man of every religion." He seemed to be disagreeing to what his mother told.

"Where's Aman?" he remembered his elder brother, who had just turned eighteen some days before.

His mother replies, "Allah took his scalp, Yama took his head, Jesus took his neck and Buddha took his rest body."

The boy cried for his brother and rememberd every lovely moment they had spent together. He cried and cried till his eyes lacked tears; the thirsty sand filled its thirst.

"Mom," he said, "I am very thirsty, if only I could get a drop of water."

She went to a well and took a jar that was resting on the wall. She brought the jar full of water from the well and gave it to the boy. He drank, not much, before pausing.

"It has a taste like blood, mom." "Blood?" she laughed a scornful

laugh, "Blood is not that cheap; only the colour and taste are like blood. Drink my child. Do drink."

The boy then drank and emptied the jar. The cool moisture felt delectable on his thirsty lips. She fetched some water for herself and drank a little. "It's a little sparser than the blood." She said to herself, held her son's hand again and started walking.

"What are we looking for mom?" he asked.

"My dead body" said her bereaved voice.

The boy had no idea on her enigmatic answer. She searched and finally found what she was searching for, the dead body. Taking the hand of her son to the body, she spoke out:

"This must be your father."

His hands, shaking and trembling, fondled the dead body and he screamed:

"Where is the head mom?"

"What's the value of head if there is no life?" she replied. The sun had reached near its vanishing point- half set and half setting. Dusk painted the sky and they started walking back to the cave where they had been hiding themselves for last four years. Suddenly, the woman stoped the boy.

"Son wait, there's a pit forward."

"Thank you. You always keep me safe. I love you very much, mom." He hugeed her then he asked, "How deep is the pit?"

"It's very deep." She replied.

"Will you be able to come out if you fall in it?" His question was unusual.

"No son. I couldn't."

"Then it's good." He said and pushed her into the pit.

The old woman fell and got her head hurt on a sharp stone. Blood started flowing from her scalp. She cried in pain, "What have you done son? How will I come up?"

The boy didn't reply. He started searching for something on the ground.

"Why did you do that?" She asked again.

He, still rubbing the ground, desperately searching for something, cried, "You deserve to be there shouting and crying in pain. There's no one to help you. There, you will suffer the life before suffering the death. I will see you suffer, cry with hunger and thirst, and struggle to die."

"Why do you want to see me suffering? I have always loved you. I am your mother, son. Help me to come up."

"Because you have given me birth, you deserve this penalty."

"I wanted to kill you but I couldn't. So I couldn't kill myself. I can't let you live alone in this world." Her voice deepened with pain.

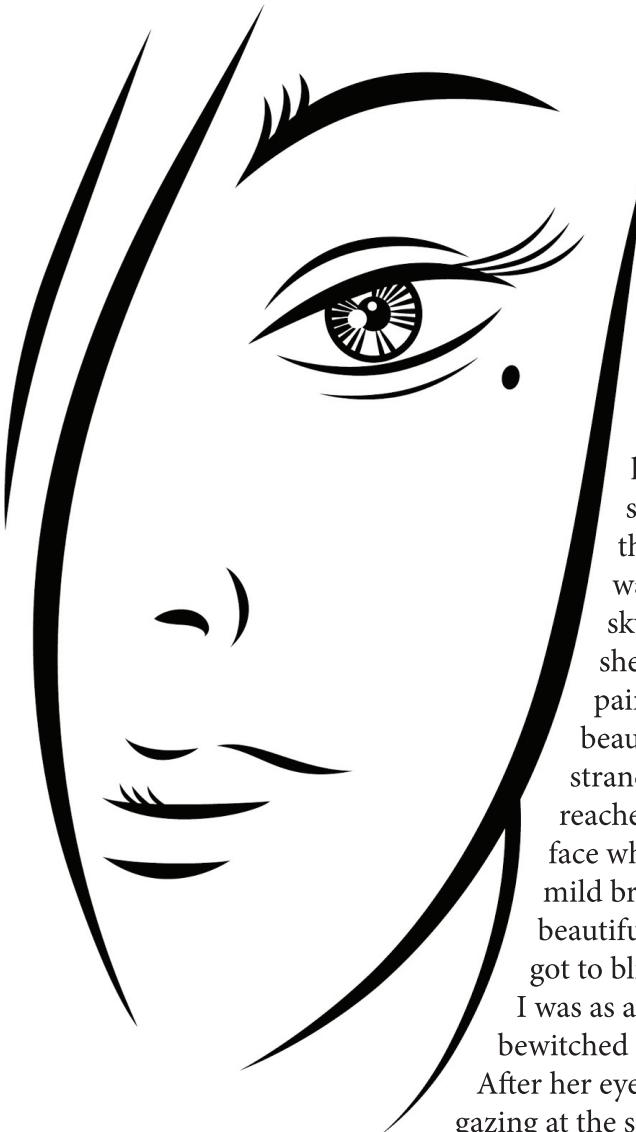
She started to cry. Heavy tears started flowing down the boy's cheeks.

"But I can kill." He whispered.

Finally his hands came across a dagger that had claimed many lives in the war. And miserably, one more was killed with the dagger.

I stop my pen. So stops his breath.

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*She added after a while, "I guess it is the most beautiful thing in the whole universe."*

"Hold me", said she  
 She add after a while "Don't let me fall"  
 "I won't, I won't till I die"  
 "And if by mistake I slip and fall down....."  
 "Then, I will jump after you and we will live our afterlife together" I replied before she could finish her question.  
 My reply was followed by an embarrassing silence. Her face got a slight blush and a pretty smile.  
 After a while, breaking the silence she said, "Let's go to the edge"  
 "Okay" my short and sweet reply which she always liked.  
 Our steps started in unison with my hands holding hers. The sun in the painted sky was watching us walking on the cloud. The poppy

fragrance of the breeze pleased our minds. It was such a delight. Delight-reached its superlative degree when I found her hands in mine. We both reached the edge. We sat with our legs hanging thousands of feet above the ground. She was watching the beautiful sky and I, the beautiful she. The lights from the painted sky made her beauty enhance. A few strands of her dark hair reached her fair glowing face which betumbled in the mild breeze. She looked so beautiful that my eyelids forgot to blink from that instant. I was as always completely bewitched by her beauty. After her eyes were done with gazing at the sun and the pallid sky, she turned her head towards me. Then, I swirl my head as fast as possible and brought my hand in front. I tried to pretend as if I was about to watch the time and all of this just to let her not know that I was staring at her. Then, I remembered I'd forget to put on my watch.

"What are you doing?" she asked in her mellifluous voice.  
 I just can't tell her the truth. So, I lied "Nothing" with a blank expression.  
 "I know what you were doing?" she replied and gave a laugh which embarrassed the hell out of me.  
 After a while she stopped and again started to gaze at the sky. And finally she spoke out

"Isn't it beautiful?"

"Yes, it is."

She added after a while, "I guess it is the most beautiful thing in the whole universe."

"Well, sorry to tell you but your guess is wrong. There's something more beautiful than this in the universe." I replied to sound confidently. Her forehead showed slight symptoms of confusion. She turned towards me and before our eyes meet, I swirled my head and gazed at the sky. I just can't stand when our eyes met.

"What is it?" she asked curiously.

"So you mean you don't know about it?" I replied still gazing at the sky.

After a pause, I again say "Let me tell you its God's greatest creation."

"Oh, is it so."

She added after a small pause

"What is it?"

I could feel her being curious. I just tried to maintain the inertia of suspense by replying "Well, I will let you guess giving you a

you just  
rectly?"  
it  
ri-

by  
hint."

"Can't tell me di-  
This time wasn't her cu-  
iosity but her anger. But, how can I tell her that she becomes more beautiful when she's angry.

"Very well then, I will do as you wish. Should I start?"

"Yes" a very fast reply came.

"The most beautiful thing in this whole universe, which is also the God's greatest creation and of what you are not known is is is"

My each 'is' was followed by a curious nod in that fair face. And, I repeated 'is' until her anger reached its maximum holding potential and then I add "is YOU."

And, yet there was another embarrassing silence

which had its end when she asked, "Let's go, shall we? I'm done with the sky." "Okay", came my short and sweet reply.

I got up quickly before she did. I was to help her stand after I stood. I stood up and turn back to help her stand then in blink of an eye her leg slipped. I was about to get hold of her hands but the gravity was faster than me. I saw her disappear in the light mist beneath the cloud. I just couldn't think of anything else. I jumped after her the next second.

For the first few seconds, I felt like a superman going to save a girl, just the difference was I wasn't wearing the costume and the most important thing at that instant was that I couldn't fly.

When I was out of the mist and my mind out of the superman thing, I was in the grip of fear of death. I was getting closer to her. "You really came", she exclaimed in surprise.

Please, don't tell me she did all this to check whether I would come after her or not.

She was not yelling. She was kind of enjoying the fall which was not a bad thing to do before dying.

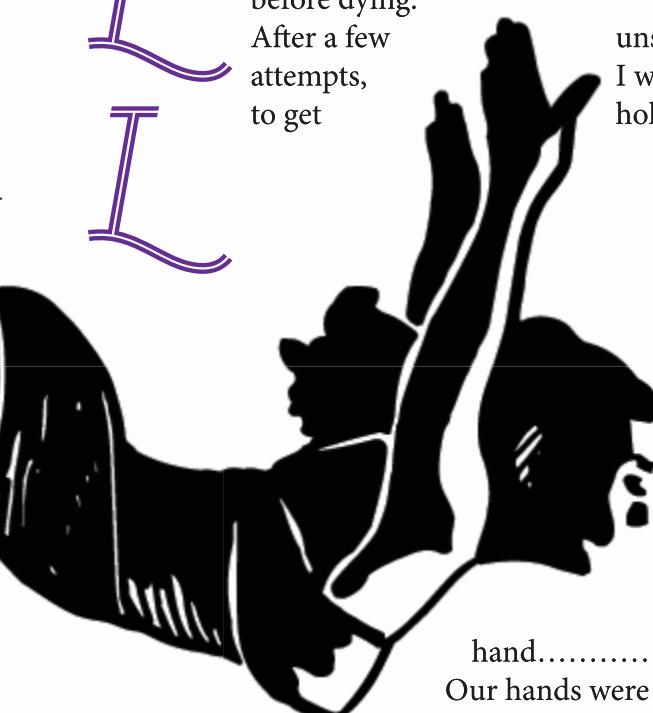
After a few  
attempts,  
to get

unsuccessful  
I was about  
hold of her

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hand.....

Our hands were about to  
meet when a loud voice turned  
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erything black. Then a small ray  
of light came which conquered the darkness and  
brought me back to my bed.

I turned the harsh sound of alarm off.

"It was just a dream", I spoke out with agony. I turned towards my brother's bed; he was still sleeping as if the sound of alarm didn't disturbed him. I stayed on my bed thinking and reviewing about my recurring dream until my brother's "Good Morning" reached my ear.

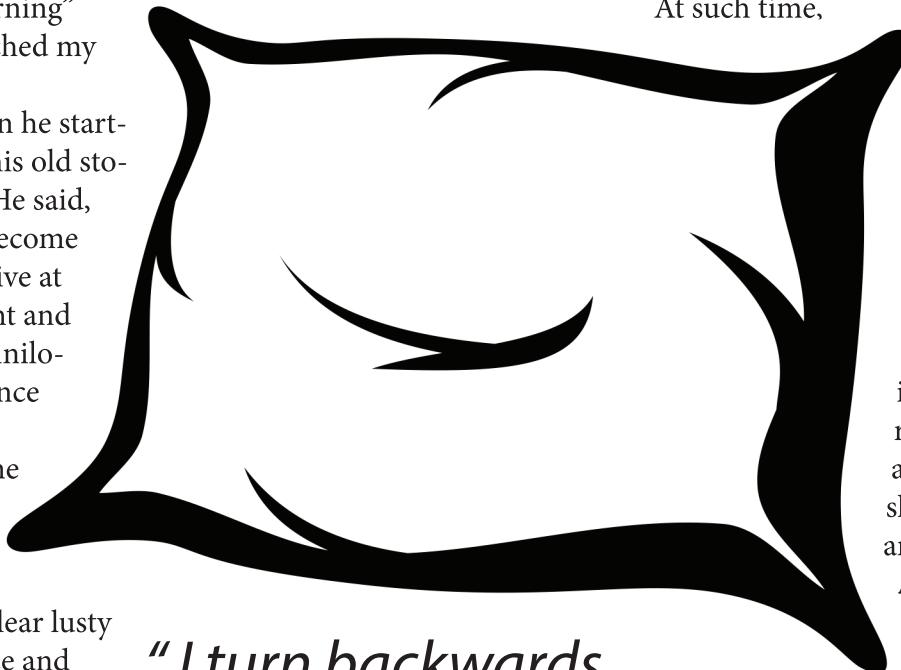
Then he started his old story. He said, "I become restive at night and somniloquency her name in

an unclear lusty voice and retire only after a lunatic arrives on my face." I wasn't surprised for he declares such exotic events

myriad times each morning as if; I had committed a terrible crime. Then just to stop him I asked for my forgiveness for my irrevocable act. And, before he asked anything about her, I lured him to promise to bestow him a grand reward for hiding the nexus of mine towards her.

With the incandescent on Earth we were on our way to our college when responding his questions were like stopping the bullets of Howitzer. But now with God's grace, I had got enough experience and practice to lie. My brother's an year younger than me for which he is in his first year of college and me in the second due to which at least his unstoppable sequence of questions don't vex me during my classes.

We separated after reaching college. And, the first and foremost thing I did after keeping my bag in the class was to go to the top of the building and



*"I turn backwards and acted as if I was searching for my brother"*

search her everywhere my eyes could reach for she was not in my section. If my restless eyes found her then the day started good but if I didn't then I attend my initial two classes only physically for my mind would be thinking if she's not present or not. At such time,

I was easily noticed by the teachers and made a topic on which everyone in the class jeered. But I didn't give a damn to it for I was still not present there. The crux of such day came when the short break started; it was me most of the times behind the teacher rushing to go out of the class. Then, it's turn of my eyes to become restive. I searched and searched and searched. And, there, there she was. My eyes reached to that angel.

And, whatever it happened my mind started to nidificate various dreams. Her mellifluous seemed more than euphonious not near enough to hear her.

voice though; I was And, whenever her pink lips maintained a smile on that fair face her beauty enhances which certainly had made countless to restive. Her piercing eyes had a tale of their own to tell. Her long lush of hair caught by the dark green band completed the unique symphony of hers. Her beauty's explanation could never end. But, what I liked the most about her was her friendly nature. Despite of her grandiose beauty and behavior she had no self vanity and the word narcissism was not in her dictionary.

My gazing at her had its end either when her eyes reached me or the D.I.'s, then I was off for my classes. Veraciously, on my way back to class, I regretted for not taking Biology as my major subject, for if I had done so then I would have had a chance to be in her section.

In no time, I reached my class where I made various excuses for my unpunctuality. The next two classes went alright now for I knew now that she was present. I felt less restless during those two classes.

After the long classes ended, lunch break started. I went to the cafeteria as soon as possible with

my friends. Still my eyes were not ideal for they were searching for her. Whenever they caught glimpse of her then they just couldn't get off.

But whenever her eyes were on their way to reach me then I turned my head and pretend as if I hadn't noticed her and tried to seem as if I was busy with my friends. I just couldn't stand when our eyes met.

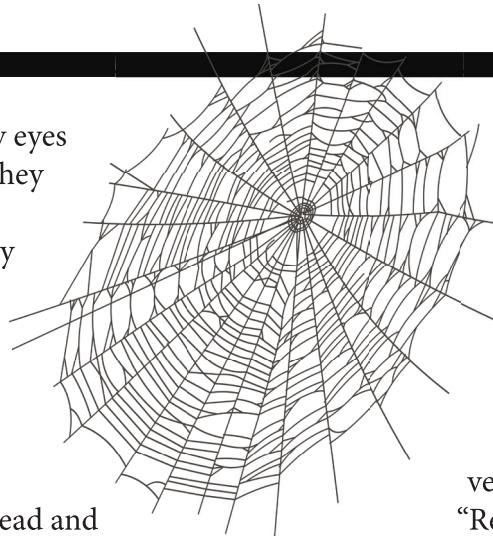
After her it's me leaving the cafeteria when my sharp eyes were busy locating her and legs were like walking blind.

Most of the times my blind legs left me to my class except once when I mock a boy with my elbow and while I was saying him 'Sorry' she vanished.

Again, the classes started to which I gave my full presence. The classes went good but time like a lame ant. But as everything had its end so did my classes which were declared by the final bell.

My eyes which were already professional in searching her, found her again. She went up to the College Bus and I just beside the bus stop where I waited for my brother. On the way I was always a few steps beside her. And, whenever she turned back, I either would bring my old Fast-track watch in front of me or I turn backwards and acted as if I was searching for my brother. She turned and vanished in the college bus. And there I stood with my eyes for the first time in the day searching for someone else, my brother.

Soon, I recognized that oval stout face with that mischievous smile watching me. His smile left a negative impression in my head. He seemed as if he had prepared dozens of questions to ask me. And most of the time he began "So did my brother get the courage to speak with her today?" He got in my nerves. I remained quiet. There



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came silence which answered his question. Then, he jeered at me and taunted me. But soon he stopped. I would have blown a big fist on his face and break his every teeth and his all time favorite spects. But he was saved by my inoffensive nature for a few teachers were behind us.

"If I were you, I would have already told her my feelings." He again started trying to sound very confident.

"Really?" I replied "and who will think about the consequences?"

"I don't care" he replied being kind of serious "And from when did you start to think about the after-maths?"

And for the first time in his life he maintained silent for a couple of steps and again spoke out "I can still tell her everything if you tell me her name. I just need the other five initial letters before the final 'A'"

I was back in my ground state, silent; for now I knew staying silent is the best way to escape his questions. The loop of his questions went on and on until we reached the ultimate loophole, our house.

Already more than a couple of hours in home, she started occupying my mind again and thanks to Mark Zuckernberg's Facebook and the virtual space called 'Internet', I was able to seek her profile. I just keep on going through her photos until my brother's call for dinner reached my eardrums. At that instant, I closed all tabs and cleared the history for if I am late even for a minute; my brother would come searching for me. At dinner listening to what new happened to my brother is such a bore most of the times. His lectures as always sounded very pompous and self congratulatory. When the world's most boring experience telling was over and I was fed up with the TV then I went to my room where as always my brother was asleep. I got on my bed greeted my asleep brother "Good Night", closed my eyes and start seeing her again.

**ROBIN KUMAR SINGH  
(V2)**

सृष्टि अधिकारी (01)

## जन्मदिनको उपहार

“थाहा छ, आज घरमा सबैजना मिलेर मलाई सरप्राइज दिनेछन्।”

“उफ! कहाँ गयो होला मेरो प्रोजेक्ट वर्कको फाइल”, फत्फताउदै थिइन् बहिनी सुष्मा। उनको आँखा एउटा कुनामा च्यापिएको फाइलमा पत्तो। त्यस फाइललाई लिन् लागेकी थिइन् कि अचानक दिदी सरिताले रोकिन् र भनिन्, “होइन, यो मेरो फाइल हो।” बहिनी सुष्माले प्रश्न गर्दिन्, “किन यसरी आचिनु भएको?” दिदी सरिता भन्दिन्, “मेरो जीवनको सबैभन्दा महत्वपूर्ण फाइल हो, यो हराउनुहुन्न।” यो सुनेर बहिनी सुष्मा अर्को कोठामा फाइल खोज्न जान्दिन्।

सुष्मा गएपछि भ्याल नजिक गएर आँखामा आँसु लिई दिदी सरिता त्यो फाइल खोलिन् र पाँच वर्ष अगाडिको आफ्नो जन्मदिन सम्भन्दिन्, जब उनी होस्टेलमा थिइन्।

पाँच वर्ष अगाडि ...

“ह्यापी बर्थडे टु यु, ह्यापी बर्थडे टु यु ... सरिता, ह्यापी बर्थडे टु यु” गीत गाइरहेका थिए सरिताका साथीहरू उनका लागि। उनी अत्यन्तै खुसी थिइन्। लामो समय होस्टेल बसेपछि आज घर फर्कने दिन थियो। सबैको अनुहारमा खुसी छाएको थियो, विशेष गरी सरिताको अनुहारमा। उनको त

जन्मदिन पनि थियो नि ! सरिताको लागि त्यो दिन ज्यादै महत्वपूर्ण थियो। घर जानको खुसीमा उनी पागल भएकी थिइन्। जतासुकै नाँच्दै, हिँडै, गाउँदै, हिँडै। सबैलाई यही भन्दिन्, “थाहा छ, आज घरमा सबैजना मिलेर मलाई सरप्राइज दिनेछन्। बाबाआमाले मेरो लागि राम्रो उपहार ल्याइ दिनुभएको होला, लोभी बहिनीले भने केही दिनदिन होला।”, हाँस्दै भन्दै थिइन् सरिता। अनि त्यसैमध्ये एउटी साथीले प्रश्न गरी, “अनि तेरो हजुरआमाले चाहिँ कै दिनुहोला ?” “हजुरआमाले होइन, म मेरी हजुर आमालाई केही दिनै छु। थाहा छ, तँलाई आज म जे छु हजुरआमाको आशीर्वादको कारण छु।” आफूले लगाएको डाक्टरको सेतो कोट देखाउदै भनिन् सरिताले, “आज म यो कोट आफ्नी हजुरआमाको हातमा राख्न चाहन्छु” (आँखामा सम्फनाको मिठो आँसु आउँछ सरिताको।) फेरि सरिता भन्दिन्, “ह्या आजको दिन रुने दिन होइन है, ल ल धेरै तयारी गर्नु छ, घर जानुपर्छु !”

केही समयपछि, सबैजना पछि भेटौला भन्दै आ-आफ्नो घर फर्किए। हातमा भोला लिई सरिता, परिवारसँग भेटिने खुसीमा ढोका बाहिर उभिएकी सरिताले हतार-हतार ढोका खोलियोस् भनेर ढोकाको बेल बजाएकी थिइन् तर ढोका खोल्छ त काम गर्ने मान्देले ! घर सुनसान हुन्छ,

कहीं कोहीबाट आवाज आउदैन । जन्मदिनको कारण भन् खुसी भएकी सरिता जोड-जोडले कराउँछिन्, “आमा, बुबा, बहिनी, हजुरआमा कहाँ हुनुहुन्छ ? हेर्नुस् है, धेरै नसताउनु, अगाडि आउनु न ! मलाई हजुरहरूसँग भेट्नु छ, धेरै नलुक्नु न । ल मैले हारे, अगाडि आउनुहोस् ना” यस्तैमा काम गर्ने मान्छेद्वारा हजुरआमा विरासी भई अस्पताल लगिएको कुरा थाहा पाउँछिन्, सरिता । यो सुन्नासाथ हतार-हतार अस्पताल दौडिन्छिन्, सरिता । एउटा क्याबिनमा हजुर-आमालाई राखिएको थियो, बुबाआमा रोएर बसि रहनु भएको थियो, बहिनी कुनामा बसी रोइ रहेकी थई, अरू इष्टमित्र पनि त्यहाँ थिए । सबैको अनुहारमा दुख नै दुख छाएको थियो । जतिजति सरिता हजुरआमा तर्फ अगाडि बढि रहेकी थिइन्, त्यति नै बढि उनका खुट्टा काँपि रहेका थिए । हजुरआमालाई यस्तो हालतमा देख्दा सरिताका आँखा रसाएका थिए । ओठबाट शब्दहरू फुट्न सकेका थिएन् । केही नभए पनि उनका त्यी आँसुहरूले धेरै कुरा भनि रहेका थिए । विस्तारै उनले हजुरआमाको हात नजिक आफ्नो सेतो कोट राखिदिइन् । हजुरआमा पनि केही बोल्न सकि रहनु भएको थिएन, केवल उहाँले बगाउँनु भएका खुसीका आँसुहरू बोलि रहेका थिए । त्यहि खुसीका आँसु लिई यस संसार बाट बिदा माग्नु भयो ।

पछि आमामार्फत हजुरआमाले सरिताका लागि छोडि दिनु भएको चिठीहरू सरिताले पाइन्, जुन चिठीमा सरिताले हजुरआमासँग विताएका मिठा सम्फनाहरू हजुरआमा आफैले लेख्नुभएको थियो । पाँच वर्षपछि, पनि ती चिठीहरू सरिताले सम्फालेर एउटा फाइलमा राखेकी छन् । ती फाइल हेरेर अतीतका दिनहरू सम्फन्छिन् सरिता, “हजुरआमा सधैं केही लेख्नु हुन्यो, सोध्दा केही

पनि होइन, यत्तिकै लेखेकी भन्नु हुन्यो ।” सोच्न त हजुरआमालाई ‘दिन्छु’ भन्ने सोचेकी थिइन् तर पाउँदा जीवनको सबै भन्दा ठुलो उपहार आफ्नै हजुरआमाबाट पाइन् । ती फाइल हेर्दै रुदै थिइन्, सरिता । यत्तिकैमा बहिनी सुष्मा आउँछिन् र भन्छिन्, “दिदी मैले मेरो फाइल पाएँ, हजुर किन रुनु भएको ?” बहिनीको अनुहार हेर्दै जवाफ दिन्छिन् सरिता, “थाहा छैन, के भन्नु कसरी भन्नु केवल यति भन्न सक्छु, अरु फाइल हराए पनि यो फाइल कहिल्यै नहराउनु है ।”



*"It's not the instrument you play that matters, it how the music sounds"*

# A CUP OF COFFEE WITH अमृत गुरुङ

*I would most probably have been a painter.*

**र**n the 16th of February 2015, six students from Trinity B.Sc CSIT first semester had the golden opportunity to interview Mr. Amrit Gurung, the vocalist for the perpetually popular Nepali Folk Rock band Nepathyā (established 1990). As we were ushered in to the meeting room of Nepalaya, we were brimming with excitement and anticipation. He poked his head in and asked us to wait for two minutes to freshen himself up as he had just returned from Narayanghat after a concert. A few short moments later, he came in, shook hands with us all and apologized profusely for being late. It was a humbling experience, how a great rock star like him could be so down-to-earth and extremely polite. An avid photographer, painter, traveler and flute player, his voice was dry and crackly due to the concert, but he still made time for us and answered all our queries wonderfully.

#### Q. What is music for you?

AG: Music is a medium for spiritual awareness first, and then it's a mean of entertainment. Any one in music should strive to be an artist first, since no one is fully complete in music; there is always something incomplete. If music gives us something, be it social, financial or anything else, take it with two hands and be satisfied. However, a musician should never complain about not getting something; one should be satisfied with whatever they get from music.

US: What might be the reason behind such a long

attachment with Nepathyā, since it has seen so many faces have come and go?

AG: I and a few friends came from Pokhara to study in Kathmandu. We loved music, but we never thought about making a name in music. We used to go to a lot of concerts; Fatteman, Bacchu Kailash, the rock band of our time Prism, who used to play electric guitar. We used to collect pocket money for this. We had a culture of listening to music, but never thought this was what we would do. In "khyal thatta", as time went on, there were so many twists and turns in our lives and we ended up doing music, and then I could not leave it. My friends left the band, but I could not. I had become addicted to music. I was happy doing music, nothing satisfied me as much. So for self satisfaction, and due to the addiction, I could not leave.

#### Q. What inspired you to sing songs, to do music?

AG: I did not have any inspiration. I was a music lover. I loved travelling, I loved art and I loved being carefree; I was a bit of a hippy. I never had this one idol that I wanted to be like, a person I would like to emulate. I could listen to classical music, I could listen to folk music, I could listen to metal, rock, psychedelic rock and all kinds of western genres. So I don't think that I was out and out inspired by anyone. Even if I was, it has to be the unknown people I met during my travels. The singing of the grassherds, the music of the villagers and the music all over Nepal influenced



me. Bacchu Kailash, Amar Gurung influenced me. Over at the western front, bands like Pink Floyd and British Rock music in general influenced me.

**Q. The average Nepalese household is not supportive of careers that stray off the beaten path. They want their children to be doctors, bankers, engineers and the like. What message would you like to give to such parents?**

AG: Even I grew up in this culture. My past is similar. I never got support from my parents, but I don't have any complains about this. They wanted me to be something similar, but I did what I wanted to; I was like a flowing river, I went in whichever direction I wanted to go, and all I say is, no one can block ideals, no one can stop the current culture the same way no one can stand against a river. We are here for a very limited time, all of us have to depart at one time or the other. So I would like to say this one thing to parents like these: encourage what your child wants to do; don't force your wishes upon them. But this does not mean a do whatever you want license. What's wrong with our culture is that the good things that our parents want for us, what we don't want to do, we don't. However the things that our parents don't want us to do, the things that gives us pleasure, we lean towards doing that. We listen to and obey our elder generations; it's a wonderful part of our culture. But we don't need to be exactly what they envision us to be. Make it your life, but let them guide you. The facilities, be it political, social and or technical that are available to us were not available to them;

our times are fundamentally different. We should not hurt their feeling, but it's not necessary to be whatever they want you to be; you can stray off the beaten path.

**Q. If you hadn't been in Nepathyā right now, what would you be doing right now?**

AG: (Smiles) I would most probably have been a painter.

**Q. Out of all the songs you have sung this date, which song has touched your heart the most, made you get Goosebumps and generally awed you?**

AG: It's not like that at all. When a mother gives birth to a child, even if the child is disabled or different, she loves him unconditionally. My songs are the same to me. Some of the songs that people listen to more have become hits, but there are some songs that not even a single person have heard. I don't have a favorite at all, I love them all equally.

**Q. How would you describe your musical journey in a single word?**

AG: (Smiles) I'm happy.

US: Performing in Wembley is largely considered one of the largest stages for a musician to perform in. Thoughts?

AG: I'm a lucky person. So many excellent musicians haven't got the opportunity, however, we did. I'm a very lucky person. It was beautiful. It was fun. The people, the hall, the atmosphere, the equipment, it was exhilarating.

**Q. So what difference is there between here and there?**

AG: There's no difference. For a band, for a musician, be it a concert in Wembley or in the Dabali, it's the same. The most important thing for an artist is the audience. The venue does not matter that much, however, we got an amazing venue, for this we are lucky.

**Q. A lot of your songs has a nationalistic undertone. You even released an album (Ghatana) portraying the same message. Can music help in building up a nation?**

AG: You asked quite dangerous question (Laughs). Music is not politics; however, it does influence a person directly or indirectly. There is one kind of music: the propaganda music that parties play for recruiting individuals and the other kind is the kind of music that comes from the heart. Nepal has a treasure load of beautiful songs written by great musicians, however, in our context, the People's war that took place in the country for a decade really shook this country. We were quite free to travel before, and suddenly there were all sorts of restrictions. I'm quite the traveler: I go to rural villages and ask for lodgings (baas). Suddenly, no one was ready to shelter me. I spent many a night under the open sky as well. Everything was haphazard, and I was feeling quite sad. Then there was the incident in Mainapokhri, on which the whole album "Ghatana" is based on. A 20 day old child lost his civilian father due to crossfire between the Maoists and the Army. I was quite shaken by that incident. I felt that an incident like this should not have happened not just in Nepal, but anywhere in the world. It was a blow against humanity as a whole. I was quite saddened by the time we were going through, and hence I created "Ghatana". So it's not just about national sentiment; the message is that such an incident should not happen anywhere. Politics is in its place, but it should not affect the lives of the people in that way. Nepal is one of the most beautiful countries in the world, so we should treat it as such.

**Q. You had not considered music to be a serious career. You said you did it without meaning to. However, there must have been a point in which you considered music to be your career. When was that?**

AG: Let's not use the word profession. I still don't

consider music to be my profession. It's my passion: if music gives me something, I'll take it with arms wide open, but if it doesn't give me anything, I'll make my living doing something else. However I will not stop doing music. However, I felt that I could make my living doing music since 2000.

US: Do you think that there is scope in music?

AG: Why not? You do your work honestly, there is scope in everything. Be a painter, writer, musician, accountant or anything, you can excel in anything. It depends on how honest you are with your work, how hardworking you are and how satisfied you are with the work you do? If you are not satisfied, then starts the dishonesty in work. Knowingly, unknowingly, you start doing "badmashi".

**Q. In every song you do, one song is not like the other. How do you get the inspiration to do something new in every song?**

AG: As you go on working, you get ideas. It doesn't come at will, but it does come. You try out the idea and if it sounds good, if all the parties involved are satisfied, then you implement the idea. If someone is not happy, you don't.

US: The Nepalese Music scene has a rich and vast history. Notwithstanding that, from the time you started to mumble songs under your breath till date, what changes have you seen in the Nepalese music industry?

AG: There have been lots of changes. Good changes too. I used to listen to villagers beating on a madal and singing all night long. Then there was the "Damai Baja". Our culture also had the norm to beat drums during good and bad times. I made Newar friends who introduced me to the rich newari music culture, I met Kshyatriyas and Brahmins who introduced me to their kind of music. People who play instruments that are unheard of are lessening. In our time, playing guitar was a unique skill. We came to Kathmandu all the way from Pokhara to listen to the electric guitar playing Prism band play. First there was just classical and folk music then came in the modern nepali music with Gopal Yonjon, Narayan Gopal, Bacchu Kailash, Aruna Lama and the likes. The 70's was beautiful in terms of musicality. There was lots of changes in genres that people listened to. First it was just folk, classical, adhunik, English and Hindi songs. Then came Jazz, Rock, Psychedelic, "ke bancha re bolne lai tyo? Ummmm, ahh rap (Laughs)", Thrash Metal, and countless oth-

ers. Quite a lot of changes came, and they rightly should. Our time will be different than our fathers, and our children's time will be different than ours.

**Q. Are you satisfied with Nepali music today?**

AG: I am. I have to be. It's not the instrument you play that matters, it's how the music sounds.

US: You are quite busy with concerts and tours and the likes. How do you find time for family?

AG: Family? (Smiles) When it's family time, everything else goes out of the door. Trekking is the best way to bond with family. Going trekking to the mountain villages is refreshing. Few people recognize me there, and it's quite refreshing just to be around nature like that.

**Q. What instruments do you play?**

AG: I used to play the flute, the madal, the guitar, the harmonium. Now I don't play anything. I have amazing friends who play for me. I play instruments that help me practice and compose; however, I don't play instruments now.

**Q. How is a composition done? What are the steps?**

AG: The one thing that universities all around the world can't teach is creativity. You can learn theories, but no one can tell you that this is the way it's done. It's the question of what comes first, the chicken or the egg. Some write lyrics that can't be filled with music and some write music that no lyrics can justify. So no one can really teach you how exactly to compose a music piece.

**Q. You said that your family did not support you at first. However, once you started making a name for yourself in the music sector, what was their reaction?**

AG: (Smiles) What can I say? "Napadhe ko gaine batuli chor bancha, mero chora padheko gaine bha yo." That's all.

**Q. We've seen a lot of rock musicians like Robert Plant and David Gilmore growing out their hair. Any particular reason behind your long hair?**

AG: No reason. I wanted to grow my hair, so I grew it. The music industry is full of glamour. I had a hippy mindset: if my hair wasn't causing any problems to anyone, why shouldn't I grow it out? My family put a lot of pressure on me to cut it off.

Even after I got married, they wanted me to cut my hair. After I got a daughter, everyone backed off. I finally had no one telling me to cut my hair. So if you want to grow out your hair, get married and get a daughter (Laughs). It's a joke though.

**Q. What message do you have for the youngsters who want to get into the music industry?**

AG: Be careful. Don't do it for the wrong reasons. It's a meditation. Don't do it for fame and glory. Do it for self satisfaction and happiness. Come without expectations, and if you get anything from it, take it with open arms. If not, don't complain. Be happy. However, you should study and get a degree. You should stand where others stand, and music should make you stand higher, not on the same level as the others.

**Q. Thank you sir. It has been a pleasure.**

AG: The pleasure was all mine.

This concluded our interview. For those that have not heard about Nepathyā (as unlikely as that is), we recommend these songs to familiarize yourself with this band and its awesome vocalist and guardian. Mr. Amrit Gurung

-Chekyo Chekyo

-Resham

-Taal ko Pani

-Jomsome Bajar ma

-Saa....

-Bheda ko Oon Jasto

-Ghatana

Apart from these mentioned above, Nepathyā has many more folk influenced songs that are very pleasurable to listen to.

Interviewed By : - Sumukh Lohani, Bijaya Thapa, Shazmina Banu, Kaushal Ghimire, Pujan Shrestha, Binod Raj Gaire

BSc CSIT First Semester

# A Hangout with Bhupal Sapkota

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All Friends Family Acquaintances Mentions More

 **Bhupal Sapkota**  
Shared publicly - 4:26 PM

#Hangout Connected :) + New Hangout

Founder of GDG Kathmandu, AppsJhola, Online BaghChal, Semicolon Developers

“ Unless you don't face the problem you will not be known to the solution ”





We were

Kathmandu

B

**Kaushal Wagle**  
We're here for a interview

**Bishal Mahat**  
Hello

**Swastika KC**  
For our Magazine

**Karen Graves**  
You: Hello friend

**Derek Knight**  
hello

**Squishy**  
hello

**Terri Perry**  
You: <http://>

**Boo**  
<http://>

**Art**  
hello

**Charles**  
hello

**Randy**  
Hello!

+5 Share

**N**owadays everyone uses Google and their various products, don't they? Google is one of the most widely used technologies across the country, specifically in the field of IT but very few know about the man who started the first official Google's Program / Community in Nepal. So, we interviewed

one of the inspiring personality for the youth of Nepal Mr. Bhupal Sapkota, the man behind Google Developers Group (GDG). Founder Community Manager and Advisor of GDG Kathmandu (2011), Co-Founder of GBG Kathmandu (2014), Founder of AppsJhola, Online BaghChal, Founder and Chief Technology Officer at Semicolon Developers (2008).

His primary work areas are in leading tech teams and building architectures of modern apps, working with local startups, inventing tech products (1998) and facilitating young entrepreneurs with an aim to foster overall IT ecosystem of Nepal. He believes that the future of the world economy is Information Technology and advocates re-building IT sector of Nepal from ground up to minimize external dependencies as much as possible, as fast as possible; he wishes to see Nepal in ten folds from now in a few years. Besides tech he also enjoys writing, hanging out with friends, watching dramas and movies.

### Q. What was the factor that made you inclined towards IT ?

During my childhood, computer was a rare device and many people unknown to it often happen to call it a Box and I was no exception to it. In 1996, when the computer first entered my house, it was not a computer for us, it was just a box. I myself had no idea about it. Since I was more inclined towards electronics than anyone else in the house I started goofing with it, but it didn't start even after I had connected its entire component. I panicked. When I shifted to Kathmandu later, I came to know about the internet, I gained my courage and started setup and I was finally able to operate DOS with a blank prompt on that Box. That moment gave me series of questions to ponder about what is DOS. How to use it? What is an Operating System? What is hardware? How Operating System run the computer? What is software? What is programming? How can I make software myself? So, this entire event actually made me more inclined towards IT and I started to SEARCH. Google was just launched in the same year.

### Q. Why was Google Developers Group (GDG) initiated ?

As I said earlier internet was my savior, so it was obvious for to use it as often as possible. I started searching more about computer, IT and much more. During this it was natural that I would come across Google and who wouldn't like Google and its product? When I saw countries enlisted in the Google Developers Group in Goo-

gle's website, Nepal wasn't there. Since we had people who were really interested in Google who were working in IT field, so I asked myself, "Why not us?" This was the question that triggered this whole scenario of having GDG for Nepal and from Nepal.

### Q. What did GDG do at the very beginning?

It literally did nothing. We had primarily aimed to bring the people who were really interested in Google together and learn more, but for eight months we did nothing, apart from reading updates of Global GDGs. Few months later a BBC Outriders reporter, Jamillah Knowles, came to meet us during her short visit in Nepal. Since we hadn't done much she told us about the world scenario and how technology is taking world by storm. In a nutshell, she shared with us her familiarity with the impact these kind of small and munities can have on locally and in global then started to organize events, meet people, work with websites, help people with their blogs and websites, et cetera.



If you ever search about GDG or Google in Nepal you find this community you are going to

## Q. So, what actually is your agenda now?

GDG is a volunteer run community. Its organizers want developers and IT enthusiasts to come down to attend events, talks and share, listen the ideas about and experience of IT; we want IT to make difference in people's life and we want to actually make difference to IT sector. Since I found the box I had nothing in my mind except computer at that time, I am very clear about my ambition now and I can see through the computer display that this is what I want for the rest of my life.

## Q. Since we are High School Students, is there anything specific for us, like any seminar or any event?

We  
about  
tion

want to, but this is solely the interest and inclination of the people joining in this community. It is really hard for us just to focus on a particular group of people for example say +2 students. Also, as students you always have your study to follow up. We see people joining our community as an IT enthusiast. We don't see them as a student or well qualified.

Search the internet  
Google's technol-  
you shall easily  
inity. Know that  
be helped.



fied engineer. With little interest and research anyone can find us, get involved and get benefited and learn. No exception to High School students.

## Q. There is also a Women Techmakers Community along with GDG Kathmandu so what was it all about?

In our society women are brought up in a different ways and due to this they aren't as inclined towards the IT profession as men but we see many women IT professionals these days. These women IT makers and professionals in the community came out with an idea to focus solely on encouraging diversity in IT sector and hence Women Techmakers was formed. Although this might seem a little biased but it is actually needed to educate the people. I wonder how easily people forgot that the history of Technology and its advancement has a firm foundation of Women Techmakers.

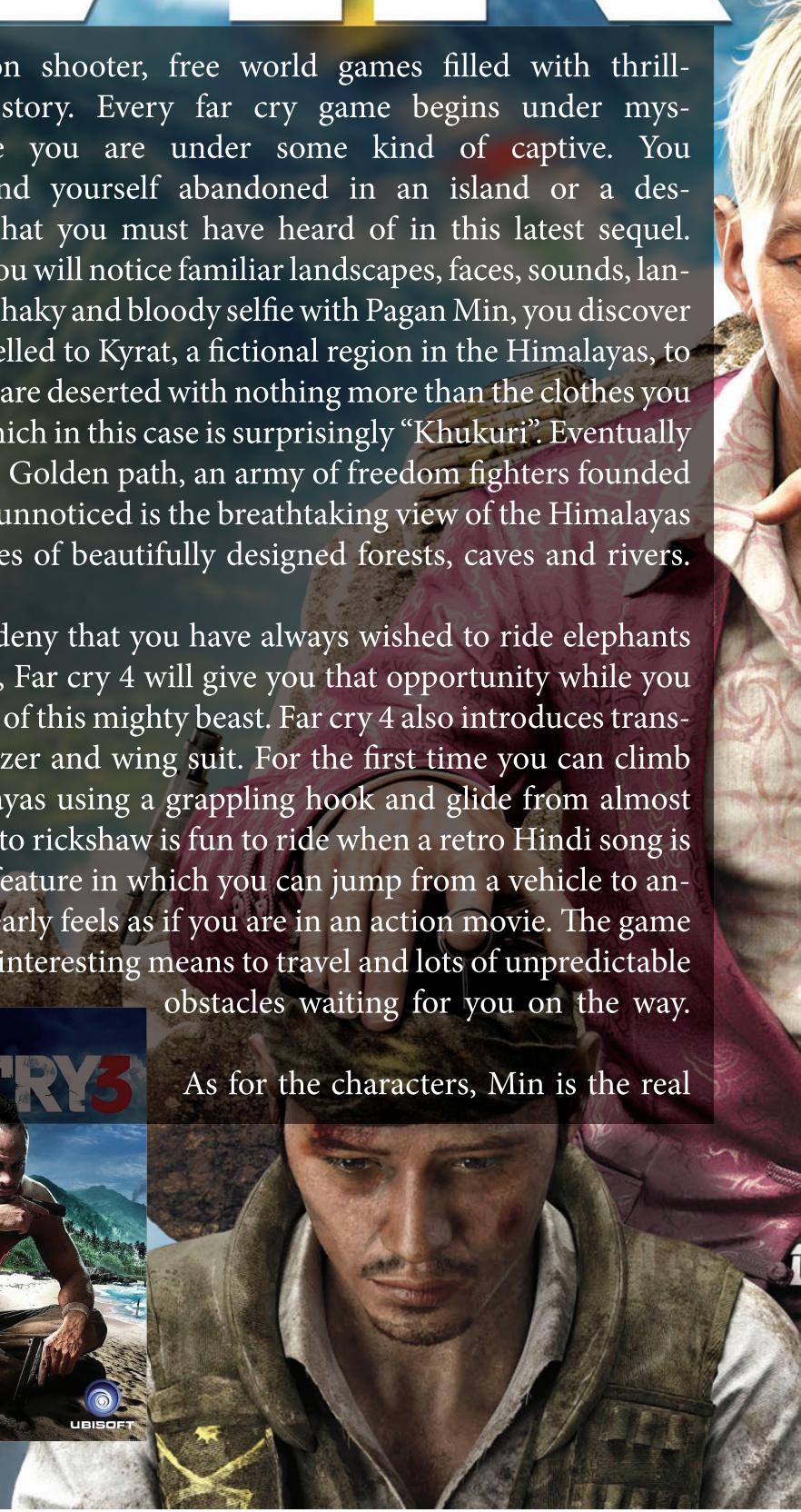
Game Review:

# FAR CRY 4

Far Cry series are 1st person shooter, free world games filled with thrilling action, adventure and story. Every far cry game begins under mysterious circumstances while you are under some kind of captive. You somehow set yourself free and find yourself abandoned in an island or a desert but there is something special that you must have heard of in this latest sequel. Immediately after starting the game you will notice familiar landscapes, faces, sounds, languages, weapon and symbols. After a shaky and bloody selfie with Pagan Min, you discover that you are Ajay Ghale who has travelled to Kyrat, a fictional region in the Himalayas, to scatter his mother asses. As usual you are deserted with nothing more than the clothes you are wearing and a primary weapon which in this case is surprisingly "Khukuri". Eventually you find yourself in the service of the Golden path, an army of freedom fighters founded by your late father. What cannot stay unnoticed is the breathtaking view of the Himalayas and the harsh landscapes with strokes of beautifully designed forests, caves and rivers.

If you are a gamer you cannot deny that you have always wished to ride elephants and harness their power at will. Well, Far cry 4 will give you that opportunity while you can feel almost invincible on the back of this mighty beast. Far cry 4 also introduces transportation such as auto rickshaw, buzzer and wing suit. For the first time you can climb the bizarre landscapes of the Himalayas using a grappling hook and glide from almost anywhere using the jump suit. The auto rickshaw is fun to ride when a retro Hindi song is playing on the local radio. This new feature in which you can jump from a vehicle to another consequently taking it down nearly feels as if you are in an action movie. The game feels really great when you have such interesting means to travel and lots of unpredictable obstacles waiting for you on the way.

As for the characters, Min is the real



star of the game, and Ajay feels more like an empty vessel for the player than a meaningful character. But you still care about his story, because he's propped up by a memorable cast, including the two feuding leaders of the Golden Path, Amita and Sabal. Both have wildly different opinions about how to take Kyrat back from Min's clutches, and you'll have to step in occasionally to make their decisions for them, which affects the way certain missions play out.

The missions that form the path to finishing off Pagan Min are excellent. What they lack in the open world's flexibility, they make up for with variety. One minute, you're scrounging for oxygen tanks in the Himalayas as you hide from enemy soldiers in a blizzard, the next you're searching your way to enemy camps on a buzzard. Straying from the critical path a little provides even more alien scenarios for Ajay, like a series of drug-fueled hallucinations with stoners Yogi and Reggie, or traveling to Shangri-La to inhabit the body of an ancient warrior who bids a spirit tiger do his killing for him. Far Cry 4 is many things, but it is never boring; it somehow makes you keep playing.

Far Cry 4 is a great game you must try, as any other far cry games you can craft, buy weapons and gradually develop your through the skill tree. You can always go for hunting in your free time on an elephant's back or enjoy the Nepali feel with a khukuri in your hand conquering fortresses. Believe me you will fall in love with Amita and hate Pagan Min with all your heart, you can begin now by watching a YouTube trailer



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6d60v1OErEY>

RAHUL SHRESTHA  
A2-A

## MOVIE REVIEW:



9.3

# THE SHAWSHANK REDEMPTION

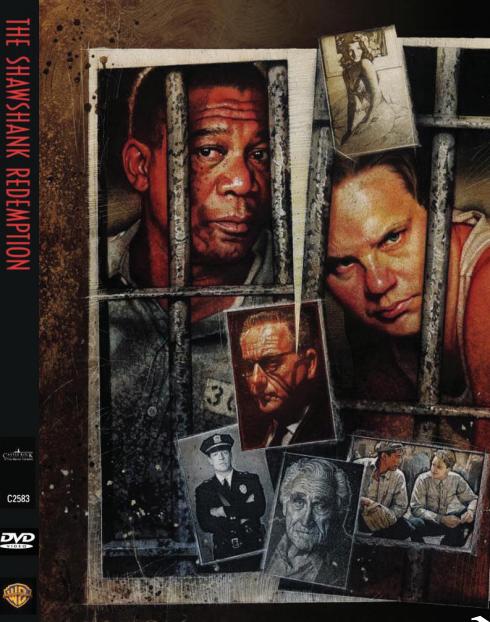
**TIM ROBBINS, MORGAN FREEMAN, BOB GUNTON**



*"Two imprisoned men bond over a number of years, finding solace and eventual redemption through acts of common decency"*

**B**ased on a story by Stephen King, Shawshank Redemption is a 1994 Frank Darabont movie with twenty three nominations including seven Oscars and sixteen award wins which shows two imprisoned men bond over a number of years finding solace and eventual redemption through acts of common decency.

Tim Robbins as Andy Dufresne, a prominent banker unjustly convicted for the murder of his wife and her lover is sentenced life imprisonment in Shawshank prison who



is befriended with 'Red' (Morgan Freeman) another prisoner, a convict who has been there so long that he knows no life can exist for him beyond those stone walls. Behind bars, Red is a king; he knows the ropes and helps Andy to cope with the frightening realities of prison life. Strangely a movie behind bars sets its place in our heart. Unlike many other movies, it is a calm motion picture that includes us in the story of men inside prison. It's more about continuing life based on hope and friendship. The movie doesn't focus on prison's population, especially Red's. In the whole movie, we see only how others see Andy.

The movie is not about its hero but about our curiosity, pity and admiration, our relations with him. The film wouldn't be much interesting if it was centered on its hero. People seek excitement. The hunger for messages of hope is the excitement in the movie.

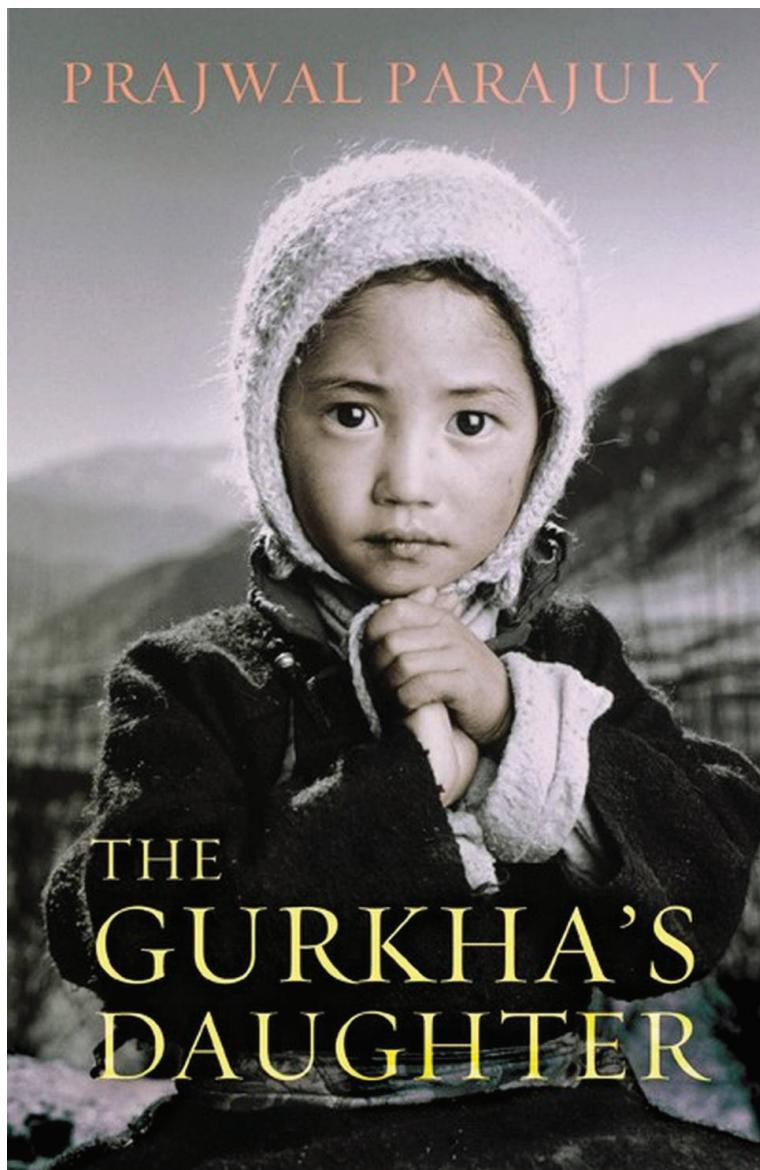
The movie wasn't special, the title was awkward. There was no action, not-so-big stars were starred and it was 142 minutes long. If it had been left to find its way, it would have run on theatres but that didn't happen. The movie premiered at Toronto film festival in September 1994, and opened a while later. It did poor business (its \$18 million original gross didn't cover costs; it took in only another \$10 million after winning the Oscar nominations). But it became one of the most remarkable stories in home video history. Within five years it was a best video seller and mass au-

dience were on tapes disks and TV screenings. Maybe because the movie involves quiet, solitude and philosophical discussions about life, so people don't value it much. But again polls and rentals reflect popularity which cannot be explained.

The movie is not a shower rather the director makes it the film to observe the story, not upstage it, "When they put you in that cell," Red says, "When those bars slam home, that's when you know it's for real. Old life blown away in the world to think about it". People often say that life is a prison, we are Red and Andy is our redeemer. Fear can hold you a prisoner. And hope can set you free.

**\_Sameer Khanal (Y2)**



**BOOK REVIEW:****“NO LAND IS HER LAND”**

The Gurkha's Daughter, Prajwal Parajuly Unfold the cover page of “The Gurkha's Daughter”, and you will find yourself immersed in stories of some people so less fortunate that your heart immediately goes out to them. Written beautifully by Prajwal Parajuly, the collection of stories here portrays the sadness and grief of the Bhutanese refugees living in Nepal. Although it is a work of fiction, this dramatization of the bitter reality faced by the refugees does not seem, in any place, animated or unreal. Included are stories of a disfigured servant girl planning to flee to Nepal; a shopkeeper facing an unprecedented dilemma; the celebration of Hindu religious festivals in Darjeeling bringing along a huge sacrifice; a refugee that dreams of

settling down in the west; a Gurkha's daughter that tries to cope with the harsh truths of life; how two Nepali speaking immigrants meet miles away from their home country. The story “No Land Is Her Land” speaks of how the refugees dream of settling down in the west. It is about a girl named Anamika Chhetry, who is a Bhutanese of Nepali ethnicity. She is married to a man consistently involved in revolutions regarding the belongingness of the ethnic Nepalese residing in Bhutan, and is considered a criminal in the eyes of the government. Anamika herself worked and contributed to the family income until he showed her dreams of starting a new business together, but with all his affiliations, all the goals are forgotten. When Anamika gets pregnant with her first child, her husband flees and is nowhere to be found. With a pregnant belly and a father to take care of, she goes about doing her chores when a group of soldiers barge into her house demanding to know of her husband's whereabouts. A soldier questions her about the baby's father to which she replies is her husband's. She is asked to produce the documents that legalize her life in Bhutan. Showing them the copies of her father's citizenship card, she pleads the soldiers to not banish her off her own motherland, but all in vain. The soldiers ask for her husband's documents which she is obviously unable to show. Her father's papers turn out to be “not good enough”, constantly restating that only law-abiding-citizens are allowed to live in Bhutan. She is then painfully thrown out of her own country, only because she has to adjoin her identity to a male's. This is only an example of how powerless women are considered to be. Her father, although he was a legal citizen, is worried about her pregnant condition and accompanies her to the refugee camp at Khudunabari, Nepal from Phuntsholing, Bhutan. Her first daughter, Diki is born at the camp. Beautiful as she is, Anamika is despised by the men in and surrounding the refugee camp just because she is not their wife, and also by the women because she is a distraction, a temptation for their husbands. A Brahmin from outside the camp gets Anamika remarried to another Nepali man from Birtamod. She is his second wife, the first wife having given birth to four daughters in a row, the husband is hell bent upon having a son, which is the reason he takes on

Anamika. Her life changes after this, but certainly not for the better. The man she marries beats his first wife and the daughters, and she is afraid to open her mouth in front of him. Once, she announces that she wants to bring her daughter Diki into the house to which he gets outraged and pounces on her, claiming that no other man's daughter will ever live in his house. He threatens her and prohibits her from visiting her father or her daughter. She is told that if she ever tries to meet her daughter, then Diki will be his third wife once she is old enough. Disgusted at his thoughts, that becomes the first and last time Anamika asks him for anything. Then, when Anamika gives birth to another girl, Shambhavi, her husband asks her to pack her things and leave. Spending a dozen years of her life at the camp annoyed, frustrated, and tired of the humiliation she has to face, she constantly hears rumors about the resettlement plans The United States of America had planned for them, but believes in none because the rumors have spread for a long time without any action taking place. Once, she overhears her daughters talking about how their teacher at the school tells them about settling in some foreign country. She brushes it off then, but soon realizes that it is more than just a rumor this time. She is told that those that are fit, not very old and can speak English will be taken to America. The camp becomes abuzz with excitement about the new developments. One rainy day, she sees new buses just outside the camp. A few days later, a serious-looking man approaches her and asks for the head of the household, her father, who has gone out. After some time, her father comes back and talks to the stranger who invites them for an interview along with the entire family a week later. He also mentions that they should bring along Anamika's husband. Fearing that the questions will be in English, her father is deeply saddened and kills all hope of fulfilling his dreams. The interviews prove to be different than they think. Ravi, Anamika's second husband, shows up 2 days prior to the interview after hearing the news of Anamika's good fortune, as if nothing bad ever had happened. He blackmails her into letting him accompany them to the interview. At the interview, every detail is noted about the family's responses to the questions asked. They reflect upon the feeling that develops against the country that shooed them away like cats and buffaloes and tell the interviewers that they have no intention of returning back to Bhutan. They are told that once they

are selected and taken to America, they will get a permanent residence and will be eligible for a citizenship five years later. They are also told that their life will get better once in America, but all families would not be selected. What surprises and makes Anamika happy is that the officers have no interest in her personal life or character, to which many people have imposed lots of questions upon. The story ends ironically, with the four – Anamika, Ravi(her husband), Diki and Shambhavi posing for a photograph that masked the reality and showed a happy family with its dreams of finally settling into a country and finally belonging somewhere. This story portrays life of many other refugees that long to belong; to have a country to call home, to be able to love the soil of their motherland and to be proud citizens of their own nation. This piece of writing is worth a read for those who have ever tried to feel the refugees' pain, because not having a home to live in is very sad, but not having even a country to call yours is a misery, a wound that even time can never heal.

**ADITI UPADHYAYA (A2-A)**

# TRAUMA IN LIWANG

# 2006

Badri Prasad  
Pokharel

Lecturer (English)

*"A decade long conflict between the rebel and national security force that devastated the country's economic, political, social and cultural discourse has become an integral part for creation of new genres for readers and writers. This mnemonic past along with other historical details, as an integrative focal point has induced creative mind to generate the lifelike situation i.e. disappearance of Purnaman, characters i.e. Dilsara, Bainsamali, Chitra Bahadur Punmagar etc along with their creative artifacts. And the trauma of these commoners is a means to represent the political scenario of the nation "*

**Key Words:** mnemonic, record, rejuvenate, conflate, ameliorate , grief, trauma.

## Introduction

In the pretext of talking about the war and mass killing South Asia is a war-hit region in the world, that has witnessed various inter-state and intra-state clashes and caste, ethnic and regional conflicts that have left the society in terrific condition. This region has got remembered with long – standing violent that destroys material, social and personal well being and has created different conditions of individual and collective trauma. Its impact has now extended into the future spreading beyond personal to the social and political life of the communities. The then revolutionary party CPN (Mao-

ist) insurged its People's War that started in February 1996 and continued for more than ten years leaving more than 1300 dead and hundreds and thousands bodily injured as well as millions displaced stranding here and there as internal refugees thronging around the district headquarters and capital towns. Those who succumbed the war and war- inflicted areas ie. Rukum , Rolpa etc have been living their lives with the memories they got during the war – ridden era deciphering those memories in the print forms and letting the young generation know what the war was like and how the PLA and national security forces fought and others witnessed. Past traumas don't simply pass or disappear with the passage

of time , rather those traumatic events are remembered in collective narratives that can shape the attitudes towards the self as well as other people. Traumatic stress has become more prevalent and complex in contemporary lives of those who involved in war and they are eager to express their feelings and write their experiences in the print form.

### Trauma as a Tool

Trauma, as a subject of study has been used either in the medical field or literary world, but it has occupied a great area of discussion. "Psychological trauma is a subject of a great professional and public interest."(Wastell, xv) That trauma studies has become a part of psychology is all related to human psyche which illuminates the past memories that

may be dimly recalled. "Trauma is an emotional shock, producing a disturbance, more or less enduring of mutual functions ..... The concept of 'shock' is a central to the definition of trauma." (xvi) More or less, the bereaved forbore all the events daily confronting the terrible effects of accounts, war and mistreatment, massacre, rape, brutalism etc that come as a shock in mind and the survivors of these horrific events may suffer the ongoing distresses and "the effects of these events are seen as marking survivors with deep, disturbing and debilitating psychological scars."(xi) Various past events shape the memories into the form of trauma with its meaning. "Trauma implies a breakdown of both meaning and trust – in a world that has been shattered, overturned. It encourages "rapid sudden and radical impacts on the 'body social'" (Bell, 8) Besides such casualties, memorials of past injustice and apologies for previous misdeeds, constitute 'a civic ritual of recognition essential for reconciling the oppressors and oppressed.'(21) Only thinking about the holocaust and horrible past, life can't be spent rather facing and enriching those traumatized events, one can go ahead. The ethics of memory is adjacent to the ethics of forgetting, hence, memory is in a sense, beneficial and helps the potential for moving forward envisaging an alternative future. That trauma can be related to aestheticism does not only conflate the damage, it pertains to artistic and cultural representation of those horrible damage. "Certain outworks

seem to bring us to borders of traumatic encounters in ways that are disturbing and provoking, even painfully so, but also at the same time aesthetically enjoyable."(Ray, 134) Many past events, maybe horrible and unbearable that time and even later to reminisce, however, can be a part to formulate a creative work for the world to exemplify, notify and even to show the world what those events were like. "Historical experiences compel a new reflection on capitalist modernity and open the shrinking possibilities for enlightenment and emancipation." (140) Although we live in a world that is torn and shattered by violence in different names and causes intensified by the scale of conflicts and catastrophes, violence etc that have been understood as integral to purge the human positions and emotions from the earliest time of human civilization. "The metaphor of trauma draws attention to the ways that extremes of violence break bodies and minds leaving indelible marks even after healing and recovery ..... Trauma can be seen at once as a socio-political event, a psychophysiological process, a physical and emotional experience, and a narrative theme in explanations of individual and social suffering." (Kirmayer, Lemelson, and Barad, 1) and these narratives bring a new picture in the mind of readers from time to time until they are artistically presented in a new forms, in a sense, trauma and those scenarios that happened aftermath have been a subject to trace psychologically not only to the survivors but also to the readers and witnesses who

later read and perceive those horrible events , but they tend to cause a deeper appreciation , for they would , in any way, bring a new dimension of thinking , achieving and penetrating the sequences of events and results of that would be certain to fall , otherwise something other that maybe more traumatic would proceed in some cases, indeed pain, suffering and trauma felt aftermath have been used constructively in the form of literary writing i.e. memoir by many veteran personality who involved, witnessed and survived in any way from the historical as well as social , political and cultural events. People's War in Nepal had been taken very glorious war for those who undertook it as a means to liberate from the chain of suppression, but on the whole for other people it was and still a border between oppressed and oppressor , proleteriate and feudal, reactionary and revolutionary. Many participants remained eager to sacrifice first, so that their name would be written as a cause of sacrifice for people and many unwillingly became victimized from either side.

### Trauma in Liwang

Maoists' People War became a good area for writing fiction ameliorating the pathos of people living the conflict-ridden areas like Rolpa, Rukum etc. Raj Kumar Dikpal, a well-known literary figure who has penned either in journalism or in story writing depicting "human miseries and the ultimate height of tragedy caused by war and other social ills,"(KC,129) and por-

traying the picture of war-prone society and conflict afflicted people is able to bring the pains of commoners living in the hinterlands out in the form of literary writing. "Liwang, 2006", a story taken from his anthology, *Under the Shadow of Terror* deals with a realistic and "harrowing picture of an old woman whose son has gone missing after a group of government gunmen steal him away from his house one night before the backdrop of Maoist-Government war in Nepal."(130) The presentation of Dilsara, an old woman who has lost her son who was sandwiched between the two warring combatants and prone to have a detached life in the foreign land for employment to support his family making his old mother, Dilsara very happy. But one day for unwillingly giving a shelter and food to the rebels the family had to pay a huge cost as the security persons took him away and his whereabouts is still unknown to her. The storyteller has succeeded in bringing out the traumatic grief of this sixty-two years old mother who has undergone with the pain that she could not share to other in spite of several attempts people do to make her speak about her pangs except pronouncing "Purnaman" repetitively time and again. The narrator of the story finds her staring to the distant hill named Gwarpa Hill instead of basking the heat of sun in the winter season in Tudhikhel and she would not leave until the dim rays of the sun bid farewell to Dharampani highland. "She drowns in sorrow after the government gunmen abducted her son, Purnaman, from their own home in Iriwang,

under the pretext of making an inquiry. Like the flowing water of Dhangsikhola, tears rolls down her cheeks, but Purnaman's condition is as much unknown as the amount of water flowing downstream." (Dikpal,134) Kidnapping, extortion, mass massacre, hacking, butchering innocent denizen in front of their kin, displacement from their own places, internal and external refuge etc are those means of suffering that this conflict causes in the life of people living in those areas. Dilsara and her daughter Bainsamali, the owner of local hotel, Hotel Jaljala at Peepal Chautari, reminisce him and the memory of the lost one has retreated to what they are aligned to be – the sites of eulogies for elucidating him to any strangers. "Memory, insofar as it is affective and magical, only accommodates those facts that suit it, it nourishes recollections that may be out of focus or telescopic, global or detached, particular or symbolic."(Hunt,101) Both mother and daughter have taken him as a part of their memory that is specific, collective, plural and yet individual, along which both are destined to live their life. But history belongs to everyone and no-one, whence its claim to universal authority and societies and individuals take responsibility for memory.(101) The People's War, as historical fact that remains in the memory of all those who endured it and survived it with more hardship. In this way, they, appearing to stand outside society and applying the historical microscopic and objectively interpreting and recording the past, have become irrespective of society. As a re-

sult history annihilates the mnemonic past through the objective systematic record. The grief, both women are undergoing with has been changed into the past record which only with the speed of time some people may organize in the form of a narrative or will be lost amidst the mist of memory. Staring at the distant Gwarpa Hill and spelling 'Purnaman' each time and not speaking to anyone sitting on the ground of Tudhikhel is a symbolic tool for the consolation of trauma she is enduring to this old woman, and quenching the thirst of the strangers with the help of narrative about the whereabouts of her brother is manifestation of the pain she along her mother has been anticipating how much burden is being felt in the heart of an old woman who has lost her appendage of her old age. Their memory, a "mode of resistance to a language that forgets the essential vulnerability of flesh in its reification of state, nation and ideology,"(Edkins, 100) has only one way to have their lost one.

#### Conclusion

History, being written in any way whether one does anything or not, is an important mnemonic past in which many people have donned their dresses up, but what matters here is whether it is recorded or not. Ten years civil war has become a part of history and Purnamans are those people whom the history has engulfed and gobbled down, but the survivors like Dilsara and Bainsamali are in the process to rejuvenate the forgotten facts out of their memory and try their best to fill up the gap with the help of memory sharing the narrative to the

listeners.

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# Shivaratri Mela as a Performance

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People's sense of insecurity and helplessness and the tenuous relationship between myth and reality all get dramatized in the way people look at the festivals and the annual cycles of rituals.

AbhiSubedi, 28, Nepali Theatre I See

The faith of human beings in religion makes them perform something towards, and fascinates them to believe in the existence of God. The performances give them a sort of relief from the anxieties, pains, sufferings, fears, and doubts. These acts of celebrating to God as the activities performed by human beings can be considered as the belief in myth that takes people into the world of past to sustain in the present. To trace the nature of human beings along with cultural performance, I believe, Jatras, Melas, feast and festivals, and other celebrations must be taken into account. The reason for the close relationship that exists among such different celebrations creates the liminal zones between the myth and reality, God and human beings, and rituals and performances. In this research paper, I'll analyze the spirit of the festival, Maha Shivaratri as an auspicious and

important festival of Hindus, especially for the devotees of Lord Shiva who celebrate the religious

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lation with the theatre and performative theoretical spectrum, and its several dimensions of celebration that reflects the human temperaments in their everyday life. It is difficult to cast each and every detail of the festival, however, I have taken the specific subject matter and chosen a particular place and its way of celebration that is Shivaratri Mela of Ishaneshwar Mahadeva at Karaputtar Lamjung.

The Mahashivratri festival, one of the highly celebrated festivals in Nepal and India, also much popular as 'Shivaratri' or 'Great worship of Lord Shiva', is observed on the thirteenth night and fourteenth day in the Krishna Paksha (fortnight) every year in the month of Maagh or Phalgun according to the Hindu calendar. Devotees on Mahashivratri



swarm to temples and holy shrines to offer prayers and please Lord Shiva articulates the performance at a locality that represents how

each activity performed by people becomes the source of life and connects myths and reality. According to Hindu mythology, Mahashivratri is Lord Shiva's favorite day on when devotees remain on fast and perform hour long spiritual meditation following rituals to honor Mahashivratri, and to be blessed with grace. In the early morning, they visit temples to offer holy water, milk and bel leaves (BelPatra) onto the Shiva Linga, a symbol for the worship of Lord Shiva. Such activities have been performed by every devotee in the Ishaneshwar Mahadeva at Karaputtar in Shivaratri. Instead of Shiva Linga, there is an idol of Shiva as bust that is set in a pound full of scared water. When people worship, pray, and offer such holy things to Mahadeva, they are neither worried of their daily

works nor been at ecstasy rather in the inbetween position as Victor Turner says “liminal entities are neither here nor there, they are betwixt and between the positions assigned and arrayed by law, custom, conventions and ceremonial” (89). The convention leads people in to the place where the existence of god and human beings exists together. “Liminality is frequently linked to death to being in the womb, to invisibility, to darkness, to bisexuality, to the wilderness” (90). So far the festival is taking place around the Shiva temple where there is a unique blend of structured forms and dynamism of rituals and practices. These practices make alive the belief of individuals towards gods and goddesses as they aim to get such blessing.

The Shivaratri Mela of Isaneshwar Mahadeva at Karaputdar Lamjung is one of the popular shivaratri festivals in Nepal that is celebrated for two days including one night. In the early morning all devotees take a bath in the nearby river Mahendri Ganga, some of them take a bath in the local stones taps, and changing the scared clothes they come to the Ishaneshwar Mahadeva Temple to offer the cow milk, scared water taken from the Ganga and belpatra. Some pundits help them to pour it to the statue of Shiva which is in the core part of the temple. This liminal zone creates harmony to each other where the faith of people copes with the idol of Shiva, Parbati and Ganesh. In that specific day, all people visit the three scared places: temple of Ishaneshwar Mahadeva, temple of Parbati, and Place of Ganesh that is ex-

isted in a cave made by the roots of pipal's tree. Along this, people entertain being as the audiences of different programmes such as Volleyball Competition, Folk duet songs Competition, Puran recitation, Bhajan Performances, and Chhelo Competition which demonstrate the participation of people in “doing nothing (103, Corrigan)” although they are performing.

In Maha Shivratri, Many sages visit shrines and offer cannabis to worshipers to spread the significance of the festival. Wearing a garland made of rudraksha and applying turmeric vermillion or holy ash on forehead by sages symbolize a holy ritual on this religious festival. Holy mantras are also recited and special puja ceremonies are held throughout the night to celebrate Shivratri. Along with these performances, kindling the oil lamp, singing Bhajans and purely devotional songs to the god and goddess, dancing as a couple for all night of Shivaratri, each individual as actor and audience stages the performance in the premises of that scared place. Some devotees are in the queues to offer the cow milk, holy water, and belpatras to Shiva, Parbati and Ganesh, however, some of others create the mass as audiences to get blessed with walking on that holy place. In a sense, they create the communitas as the idea of Turner i.e. “community is the repository of the whole gamut of the culture's values, norms, attitudes, sentiments and relationships” (95). People are celebrating the festival in different dimensions although their purposes, their sentiments, feelings, and way of offering such things to the god

remain the same. Nathan Stucky and Cynthia Wimmer say that “performance studies examines the continually expanding range of behaviours invented by human beings to communicate with each other, especially those which are rehearsed, replayed, or consciously constructed” (11, Intro). Every year, new devotees visit the place, new arrangement of the Hat Bazaar is settled, new peddlers, devotees, viewers, singers, pundits, dancers take place but the motive is the same. So Shivaratri Mela at Karaputdar as performance is considered as “repetition-of-the-never-the-same” (IX, Schechner) that seems always different.

Meanwhile there is a celebration of Lord Shiva by singing and praying all the night. The common mass indulges in Bhajan-singing without realizing that such traditional methods of invoking the divine can have a tremendous stress-removing impact. Bhajan mandal is (a gathering to sing Bhajans) that which has been in existence in the Nepalese society since the beginning of the Bhakti era, has proved to be great social leveler where individuals unhesitatingly participate in the singing, relegating their petty differences to such background. At the night of Shivaratri, people gather to sing bhajans in to several groups and stay all night by singing and dancing. This participatory action elicits recreation and consequently a kind of mental relaxation. They close their eyes to ensure that they concentrate and thereby meditate on this near ecstasy but in the bazaar (Mela), people are involving in singing and dancing making their eyes wide. The

words, tunes, rhythms and the typical repetitive style of the Shiva Bhajans give a certain sense of permanency that is known as shashwat (freedom from the state of flux), something each one of us is secretly pining for. Peggy Phelan says “performance occurs over a time which will not be repeated. It can be performed, but this repetition itself marks it as different” (148). Actions with words and gesture or body movement function on it. Tuning of music and body language go side by side. Phelan further says “In performance, the body is metonymic of self, of character, of choice, of presence...and the performer actually disappears and represents something else—dance, movement, sound, character, art” (152). Playing Mujura, khaijadi, doing ups and downs, vibrating their body, and ending the song as beginning, however, in the middle part of their singing, they become more exited as they totally merge them into the body of God. “Performance studies deals with behavior—artistic, everyday, rituals, playful and so on” (X, Foreword). Performance is “a means of understanding historical, social, and cultural processes” (9, Schechner).

Schechner further says “performance must be construed as continuum of actions ranging from ritual, play, spots, theatre, dance, music, and everyday life performances to the enactment of social, professional, gender, race and class roles” (XI, Foreword). Traditional religious ceremonies in Nepal are highly structured; elaborated and expensive rituals which are conducted by the priest that happens even in the

Shivaratri festivals while people conduct Rudri, Shiva Puran, and Sacred-thread ceremonies. In contrast, Bhajansessions eliminate the priest; the singer addresses the Almighty himself in simple vernacular to rudimentary music of Khaijadi, Mujura, Madal, Cymbals, Tabla, and Harmonium. Stucky and Wimmer further opine that “a good deal of attentions centers on performances that specifically mark cultures such as religious rituals, formal theatre, dance, sporting events and music” (11, Intro). In this festival at Karaputar, people celebrate by conducting such programme such as sport, dance, theatre, music and so on where people feel liberation and get relief from the piles of works even for two days. After arriving to that place in the morning, they go back their home in the evening of the following day. To make the god happy, they kindle the oil lamp in the evening, some of them who put their faith on their husbands kindle diyo by sitting all the night in a fixed place that is nearby the temple. Unlike them, other who do not beget the child they kindle the oil lamps by standing all the night an early in the morning all they round the temple of Mahadevashiva and offer to him. In the response of this stable and kinesthetic moment, Abhi Subedi says that “Art forms whether they are frozen in shapes or are vibrant, form the theatre—art nexus, and this nexus represents at once the heritage of art and the theatre.” (20). And where they offer cow milk, sacred water, and belpatra in the morning of previous day, they offer sacred water and that oil

lamp which they have been kindling to the same place that is the place of idol of Shiva mahadeva for their ritual transformation. While they are kindling by standing all the night as a frozen and rounding the temple in the early morning create the heritage of art and performance in the real life of each individual. In this manner, Dwight Conquergood says that “Performance art, the action of the artists is designed not so much to transform a reality external to them and to communicate this by virtue of aesthetic treatment, but rather to strive for a self-transformation.” (137). During this festival, Ishaneshwar Mahadeva premises becomes a city where people entertain, worship, buy and sell the goods, make loves, participate in several programmes, and encounter to and introduce with several strangers by creating the space although it is the place for corps. All people are walking and having the feeling of spiritualism even they have no faith on God. Erika Lighte- Fischer says that “All performances are self referential and constitute reality” which are unknowingly performed by the audiences as participants that become possible in the real life of the human beings in such festivals. Each individual has been using their “real bodies in real spaces” and “When the actors move in and through the space, they are actually changing the position of their bodies and with it the performative spaces” (170). Conquergood’s argument deals with “aesthetic time” that is not “metaphorically translated historical time. The event situated within aesthetic time does not

refer to the events of real time” (142). Ishneshwar Mahadeva is situated in between position of two sacred rivers Mahendri Ganga and Gomati. Across these rivers, there are plains fields covered with small villages and fertile lands edging the big hills. Each hill has the beauty that creates space for aesthetic and spiritual transformation. These geographical location suites the place for everyone who visits this place. Jon Anderson says “Geographical context can exist wherever there are human (and non-human) activities, the trick are to acknowledge them, workout what produces them and what effect they have.”

(3, Intro). The surrounding of the Ishaneshwar VDC where the Ishaneshwar Mahadev exists is the Bhorletar VDC, Thumki VDC, Karapu VDC, and Hamsapur VDC that make this place alive as the cultural space which is the common place for the people of this periphery as theatre. To make the access to every one for this festival, buses which run all the time from Bheshishahar, Damauli, and Pokhara, headquarter of Lamjung, Tanahun, and Kaskai District respectively to Karaputari. So it is very easy to visit for the devotees from the different places of Nepal and India to Ishaneshwar Mahadeva at Karaputari in Lamjung. Because

of such qualities it is considered as the city which is “a place of transformation and appropriations” (129) as M. Certeau argues that performance takes place where the “space of visual panoptic construction”(128) carries its geographical, cultural, rituals and societal effectiveness on human beings.

Thus dramatization and making a theatrical representation of Ishaneshwar Mahadeva in Shivarati Mela at Karaputari Lamjung can be judged from the rituals, cultural, geographical, historical and religious perspective. People are celebrating the present bringing them in to the Ere of God which makes them happy in

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# SUBALTERN REPRESENTATION IN GERALD ROBERT VIZENOR'S BEARHEART: THE HEIRSHIP OF CHRONICLES

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*"This article aims to introduce subaltern studies and the tribal American as subalterns. It also tries to show how tribal peoples were deprived of their rights in Federal America. Despite the basic concept of subaltern studies as post-colonial cum post-marxist theory, its use has been used in broader sense to reread the text of all time. This theory has been developed to contribute to the knowledge, culture, and identity of marginalized groups from various aspects. However, subalterns are those categories of people deprived of their space in the so-called mainstream. Moreover, this article particularly focuses on the tribal people of America from subalternist perspective as presented in the novel of Gerald Robert Vizenor's Bearheart: The Heirship of Chronicles (1978)"*

**Keywords:** Subaltern, tribal, marginalization, resistance, submissive, hegemony, bourgeoisie nationalist, social ladder

## Introduction

The word 'subaltern' in late-Medieval English referred to vassals and peasants. By 1700, it, however, came to denote lower ranks in military suggesting peasant origin. The historians and writers began writing novels and histories about military campaign in India and America from subaltern perspective by 1800. Antonio Gramsci, the Italian Marxist, introduced the term in social theory, using it to denote the people in the margin, marginalized by power. Subaltern classes may include peasants, workers and peasants, workers and other groups denied access to hegemonic power. As a Marxist, Gramsci is very much concerned with the proletariats whose voice remains unheard in the history. Subaltern studies aim to promote a systematic discussion of oppressed groups of society through new historiographic perspective that rewrites history from the marginal perspective.

Further, Subaltern Studies is a 20th century studies which studies about those people who are marginalized, subdued, and suppressed due to hegemonic as well as several other reasons that encompassed into territory of "otherness". The term began to be used as a reference into colonial people in the South Asia in 1970s. It provided a new perspective on the history of a colonized place from the perspective of the colonized rather than from the perspective of hegemonic power. Subaltern studies formally began in 1982 with the historiography of Ranjit Guha "An Intervention in the South Asian Historiography". It appeared with the aim of writing the historiography of the people ignored by colonialists as well asbour-

geois nationalist historiographers. The group led by Ranjit Guha was praiseworthy about providing the subaltern people with their own voices.

Moreover, in this light, Gerald Robert Vizenor's historical novel *Bearheart: The Heirship of Chronicles*, first published in 1978 and reprinted later in 1990 with the setting of the newly changed socio-political era in America, excavates the tribals victimization in their own land in the centre of America and their quest for stable pattern of life as they have no fixed identity. The life of tribals became complex because of destruction of the Cedar forest and violently imposed rule of federal government. The tribal people could not believe in the rules of federal government. They began to think that their existence was at the verge of collapse. Tribals, having the sense of discriminated, exploited, and cultural transgressed, felt that they were going to face the critical condition due to the decision of federal government. As they were highly victimized by the act of federal government, fourth Proude Cedarfair realized that they are pushed to the bottom rags of social ladder.

## M mentality of Subaltern

The primary objective of the article is to bring the subaltern discourse of resistance to find out the writer's valorization of subaltern groups to throw the despotic rule of so called Federal Government. Moreover, the article has aimed at showing that the words of truth and justice only is not enough to find out the proper space for subaltern groups in the changed scenario of the country. Although this study makes significant use of concepts developed in postcolonial scholarship, it does not offer a comprehensive analysis of all of them. Rather, an analysis of subaltern mentality, as conceptualized by Ranajit Guha and Spivak remains the primary tools of analysis. Furthermore, this study makes significant contribution mainly in two areas of concern. First, this study brings the concept of submissive mentality to analyze the novel set the changeable socio-political scenario of the Cedar nation and secondly, shows the writers valorization of subaltern's resistance for the truth and justice. Thus, both kinds of mentality have gone side by side in this historical novel.

## Subaltern as Submissive

Proude Cedarfair as a subaltern hero faces different problems while objecting the policy of Federal Government. He is a freedom fighter and sacrifices his whole life for liberty, equality and justice but as a subaltern, he fails to complete his mission. Though America is regarded as the democratic country, it is not able to respect the socio-economic tradition of tribal people. They are forced to be assembled in the so-called main stream socio economic and political tradition. The marginalized people are not getting any right to free themselves from the shackles of chronological linear time. They have been obliged to bear the different sorts of domination and exploitation. Subaltern people have no right to raise their voice against the state; if they do they are pushed away by the state force. When subaltern people raise their voice against the state mechanism as, "we will not leave ... we will leave the dreams of sacred cedar. We will be here tomorrow in the morning waiting for your peaceful death" (25) but Proude's effort to save the Cedar nation become useless and the voice of subalterns vanished when the state forces them to leave the Cedar forest. In this way, the subaltern hero Proude Cedarfair along with other tribal people is forced to leave his tribal habitat.

Subaltern people are forcefully pressed down by the powerful authority; they do not have possession over their own property. In this condition neither they can speak themselves nor do they have agency to speak in their favor. As a subaltern man Proude Cedarfair has been exploited by the federal agent who stops Proude Cedarfair from being the owner at his own home. This condition is clearly stated from the decision of Proude. He states, "we will leave in the darkness of morning" (32).

Ranajit Guha in his essay "Dominance without Hegemony and its Historiography" (SS VI) says, "to discern the play of paradoxes on the subaltern side as well in the peasant rebel's vision of God as a white man who writes like a court clerk, the lower caste attempts to move upward by emulating the conservatism

of the upper caste" (272). He further asserts that colonialism involved dominance without hegemony. In other words, it proceeded on with the help of coercion rather than assent of people. The people resisted against colonialism. The colonial historiography, however, simply overlooks their resistance. It undermines their political sensibility. Now it is busy in proving the American federal government as a rule that was based on the assent of the people. It does not reflect the injustice colonialism inflicted upon the ruled people.

On the top of all these, some native historiographers fall prey to the discourse of colonialism and its so-called project of improvement. All these factors are responsible behind the emergence of colonialism as project of imperialism that involved the assent of the ruled. But in the case of postcolonial scenario, the concept of coercion has been replaced by consent. The postcolonial agents are ruling through the hegemonic power by joining their neck with domestic feudal.

## Subaltern Defiance

Along with the submissive pole of subaltern mentality, there is also the undercurrent of the tone of resistance and protest in the historical novel *Bearheart: The Heirship of Chronicles* somewhere in subtle and manifest level. Resisting mentality of subaltern is also a dominant discourse under the interest of Subaltern Studies. Subaltern people always do not become meek, docile, humble and submissive under the feet of elites. Sometime they also resist for the sake of liberty, equality, freedom, truth, and justice.

As a subaltern hero, fourth Cedarfair, the central character of this novel resists the post colonial domination throughout his life. Proude Cedarfair as a leader of insurgency fights with the post colonial agents. His experience of struggle is narrated as:

"Proude circled around the cabin on the eastern side, stopping at the migis sandridge where he dipped his face under water and opened his eyes. The pebbles and sandgems cracked in the angular iridescent sunbeams. He wiped his face with his blue shirt and strode into the woods toward the cabin. The mongrels moved with him. He stopped near the cabin on the north side, the sunless side of moss and fern, the side of moths, hoarfrost side, and roared ha ha ha haaaa four times as a bear. . . . When the federals ran out of the cabin to see what was the matter, the crows swooped again and cawed at them, the dogs ran into woods howling "(20-21).

This action of fourth Cedarfair proves that he wants to object the federal government policy to encroach upon their tribal habitat i.e. Cedar nation with the motif of guarantying the freedom and justice to the subaltern people. He has the resisting attitude even though he is a subaltern who provides the message that subaltern people also involve in protest and resistance.

Ranjit Guha as a subaltern theorist, through Subaltern Studies I (1982) contrasts between the politics of people with the elite politics and privileges the former over the later. He thinks that the politics of people is "an autonomous domain for it neither originated from elite politics nor did its existence depend on the latter" (4). In spite of the end of colonialism, it continues with its different forms and contents. The development of nationalist consciousness, in accordance with elitist historiography, was an achievement either of colonialist administrators, policy and culture or of elite Indian personalities or ideas. Such a historiography does not acknowledge the contribution made by people on their own. It ignores the people's politics, an autonomous domain, which outlives the elite politics.

The elite group mobilizes its politics through adaptation to federal institution whereas subaltern classes do so through traditional organization of kinship and territoriality or class association. Even the strategy of political mobilization demonstrates the link between federal exploitation and bourgeois nationalism; the bourgeois nationalists adopted the legacies of colonialism. In a way, they are the successor of colonial regime. The nexus between federal agents and bourgeois nationalist paved the way towards domination and oppression that ultimately result the resistance and protest. Through the narration of Proude Cedarfair, we find the clear sense of resistance; "We will not leave . . . we will not leave the dreams of sacred cedar," Proude said looking up at the trees, "we will be here tomorrow in the morning waiting for your peaceful death" (25).

Though domination and resistance both are two sides of subaltern struggle, the writer has valorized

upon resisting pole. While doing so, he has made Proude Cedarfair as a mouth piece character who carries the basic intention of the writer. The writer has come to the conclusion that subaltern people go for resistance against the extreme domination of elitist but eventually they cannot kiss the destination. In this regard, subaltern's insurgency cannot get victory over bourgeois domination. The extreme domination always invites resistance but there occurs one question that whether the resisting pole gets victory over domination or not. Subaltern people sometimes try to assert their space but eventually they fail to internalize the true sense of freedom. At last they fall prey in the hands of elitists. They loose the game and they are defeated by state force and finally become mute as ever as said by Gayatri Chakravarty Spivak in her essay "Can the Subaltern speak?" Subaltern people are "as mute as ever" (90). The way Spivak defines is the way Proude Cedarfair has been silent forever, "Proude was gone. Inawa Biwide was gone. The seven clown crows were gone" (240). Proude Cedarfair and Inawa Biwide at the end is supposed to have entered the fourth world i.e. death.

## Conclusion

This article endeavors to unearth the marginalization of subaltern people during the time of post-colonial era in America which is based on Gerald Robert Vizenor's *Bearheart: The Heirship of Chronicles*. More specifically, it shows how the postcolonial agents and bourgeois nationalists dominated American subaltern people. Along with the domination, this article also foregrounds the fact of subaltern resistance as well. Moreover, it reflects the mirror reality of America in postcolonial scenario where American people

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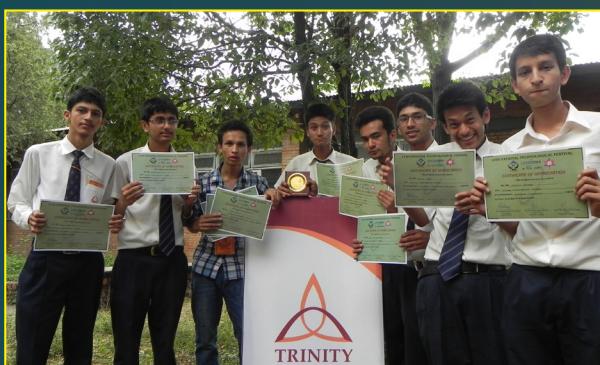
Vizenor, Gerald Robert. *Bearheart: The Heirship of Chronicles*. Minnesota 1990.



# PHOTO GALLERY

Some memories can be captured in pictures while some cannot be, your experiences, achievements and performances as Trinitians will all be here. Today you may not feel much but after years of bidding farewell to Trinity these pictures will take you to the day, to the moment when you were standing somewhere as a Trinitian.

## SCI-TECH AND MANAGEMENT EXPO



# BLOOD DONATION

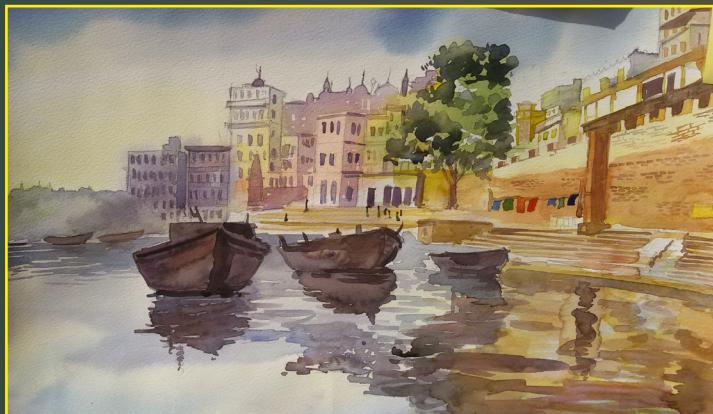


## ORIENTATION





## ART AND CRAFTS



## CULTURAL TOUR



## --- GRADUATION ---



## 5TH BERNDHARDT BASKETBALL



## POETRY



## TRAFFIC AWARENESS



## AIDS AWARENESS



## QUIZ



## DRUG AWARENESS



## TALK PROGRAM



## TEJ VOLUNTEERING



## CHESS



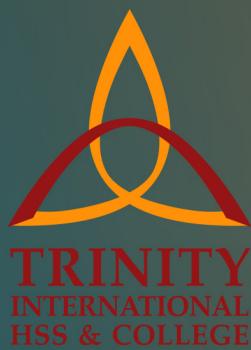
## MISS GLOBAL 2014

# WELCOME PROGRAMME









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Education for the Future